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IMPRESSIVE DECORATION CEREMONIES

The exercises in connection with the decoration of Norman Simpkins with the Croix de Guerre, late private in the 5th Marines, were held at the court house Monday afternoon and every available inch of floor space was necessary to accommodate the large crowd which assembled for the occasion.

The exercises were opened by a selection, "Semper Fidelias," by the Smethport Band, this march having been adopted a number of years ago as the "offial march" of the U. S. Marines. E. G. Potter, Esq., was chairman of the meeting and after the invocation had been pronounced by the Rev. Arthur Gregson and the singing of several selections by the Liberty Glee Club, he introduced Burgess Warley Gifford, who made an interesting address concerning the nature of the occasion and a graphic description of the particular exploit which won this decoration for Norman Simpkins. As was related in this paper last week, Norman volunteered to carry a message and answer across an open plowed field, which had been reduced to a sea of mud by frequent rains, and which was also within the range of fully fifty German machine guns. This the young man accomplished through the good fortunes of war without injury.

Followed "America," led by the glee club and in which the large audience joined with a true ring of patriotism. Chairman Potter then introduced Col. Frederick P. Schoonmaker of Bradford, who held the breathless attention of the audience in an interesting address, whose only fault was its brevity. Col. Schoonmaker was sent to England and France well in advance of the bulk of American expeditionary forces, and he mentioned the note of discouragement he noted in both England and France upon his arrival in those countries. He did not claim that America won the war, but he was positive the allied cause would never have been successful without American aid. He related the wording of a German note sent by the German war department to the troops in the field in which they were advised to have no fear of Americans as they were not trained soldiers, that while they were rash and daring, they would soon wither under machine gun fire and commanded the under officers to use all efforts to bring the Americans under the play of these guns. He cited Norman's exploit as an example of the falsity of this description—how the young man unfalteringly made the two trips across an open field in a shower of machine gun fire. He said that the big war was a common soldier war. Unlike our Civil War, when the generals often directed their men from the field, in the world war the higher officers were seldom close to the real action, but conducted their engagement from maps as mathematical problems—such being the advances of the science of warfare. Col. Schoonmaker's remarks are clear and unmistakable in the meaning, the plain discourse of a soldier, who knew what he was talking about.

At the conclusion of his remarks, Mrs. Florence Bouton, instructor of music in the Smethport school, directed the singing of various patriotic airs by her pupils and the audience joined in with vim.

Followed the presentation of the Croix de Guerre, awarded by the French government, by Lieut. I. A. Avery, U. S. M. C., of the Pittsburgh station. Norman Simpkins flanked by Sergeant Brennan and Sergeant Cook stood at attention while Lieut. Avery after a few appropriate remarks, fastened the well deserved decoration upon the young man's breast, the audience rising in impressive commendation of the act.

The ceremonies were impressive from beginning to end and marked a valuable lesson in life. This young man went forth at his country's call. The times came on various occasions where he had to imperil his life, but he did not falter. It was his duty as well as all other Americans to die for his country if the need arose. He knew that he faced death, but it was in the most glorious of earthly causes. He has faithfully "carried his message," and while in the doing things were dangerous and unpleasant, he now has the satisfying consciousness of a duty well performed and the hope that all dark days of war are forever in the past. He went away a boy and came back a man and one admired and honored by his fellowmen.

The "Star Spangled Banner" marked the conclusion of the program at the court house. Because of the large amount of snow and severity of the weather the parade was abandoned. However the G. A. R. Spanish War Veterans, Red Cross, School Children, Home Guard and Conopus Club attended the exercises as organizations and each unit was assigned to seating space in the court room.

The Bucktail Post of the American Legion, who were in charge of the arrangements for the day are to be commended upon their perfection. At 6 o'clock the Post and visiting service men enjoyed a dinner at the assembly room in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The dinner is described as a most delicious one, the diners being deftly served by the Cononada Camp Fire Girls.

A grand military ball at the Lyceum marked the ending of the day's activities and was attended by a large crowd that thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. Music was furnished by Quirk's orchestra of ten pieces in a manner to win praise from the dancers.

THE ONE GREAT ILLUSTRATED LECTURE OF THE YEAR

On board the "Espagna" bound for Havre, France, March 18, 1919.

My Dear Mr. White:

I am sailing on the French line today, and will arrive in Paris just in time to see the signing of the peace treaty by the German commissioners, who are due in Paris about the same time as myself.

I will stay there and interview Premier Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, and any other of the notable men engaged in the work of the peace treaty.

I will then leave for the devasted countries of France, for Verdun and Ypres, and Chateau Thierry. I propose to make a pilgrimage on foot from the point where the 26th Division and the American Army began their brillian fight at the Marne on through St. Mihiel Salient through the Argonne Forest, and into the Meuse river to Sedan where the Germans capitulated to our Army and to our allies.

I mean to cover all of the occupied territory in Germany, and to visit all the bridge heads on the Rhine; then make an excursion into Italy and into the battle fields in Italia Irredenta.

It is also my intention to penetrate as far as possible under present circumstances into Germany and Russia.

I mean to leave no portion of the reconstruction of Europe outside of my lecture—I mean to cover it all. This will undoubtedly be the most important trip that I have ever made, and I expect to have the most interesting lecture I have ever been able to present to the public.

I am writing for Leslie's Magazine of New York, the National Magazine, of Boston, and other publications, and you will hear from me from time to time and from "over there."

To my good friends, the committeemen, I send my kind regards and distinguished consideration.

Wishing you a splendid season, and with best wishes, I remain,

Yours cordially,

PETER MacQUEEN.

The foregoing letter written to the manager of the White Entertainment Bureau is an outline of the preparation which Peter MacQueen gave to his lecture, "Peace and Reconstruction in Europe," which he will deliver next Thursday night, commencing at 8:15 o'clock in the Baptist Church, Smethport, under the auspices of the Smethport Entertainment Association. Season tickets covering four entertainments may be had for $1.00. Single admission 50 cents. You are urged to patronage these high-class entertainments and pave the way for an annual course that will be equal to those given in the large cities of the country.

NOTICE

Don't forget to order some of our cottage cheese from your grocery this week.

adv3tf CLARANETT DAIRY

CONOPUS CLUB'S WEEKLY MEETING IS INTERESTING

The weekly meeting of the Conopus Club was held at the Wright House Monday, with a good attendance of members. The club had as guests Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Simpkins, and Mrs. Lloyd Kohn of Sheffield, parents and sister of Norman Simpkins, honorary member of the club, who was decorated for bravery at the ceremonies Monday, and Col. F. P. Schoonmaker of Bradford, Lieut. I. A. Avery and Sergeants Cook and Brennan of the U. S. Marine Corps. The report of the committee in regard to bettering the service on the Kushequa railroad was read by Guy B. Mayo, Esq., and demonstrated that the committee had been thorough in its work. The report seems to hold some hope that the service may be improved. Other committees asked for an extension of time before making their reports. The matter of a community house was brought up and T. F. Hungiville, acting as president in the absence of Judge J. W. Bouton appointed a committee consisting of E. A. Studholme, E. E. Currier and R. R. Lindsley to confer with the women's organizations of the town concerning their views on the matter.

The weekly prize was secured by Sergeant Cook. It was a box of cigars, donated by Secretary H. J. Rice, who is in Harrisburg this week, F. H. Hungiville acting as secretary at the meeting.

All the guests were called upon for remarks and responded in fitting manner. Several members also spoke and many tributes were paid to the gallant young honorary member, Norman Simpkins. The club devoted a minutes silent thought to the memory of Sergeant Robert Cleveland, who was a comrade of young Simpkins and was killed during the fighting at Belleau Woods.

The meeting closed at 1 o'clock, and the members prepared to attend the decorating ceremonies at the court house.

KILLED AT CLERMONT

Crashing down a mine shaft 72 feet, Clarence Donaldson, 28, of Kane, sustained injuries at Clermont Thursday afternoon which caused his death in the Ridgway hospital Friday morning at 7 o'clock.

He was employed at the mine and was with a car near the shaft when he and the car in some manner unexplained went down the shaft.

The injured man was rushed to the Ridgway hospital on the train arriving there at 11 o'clock last night. He was unconscious upon arrival at the hospital and died without having regained consciousness. Examination disclosed the fact that his injuries were internal and his head was badly crushed. It is stated that his ribs were crushed in and that his lungs were punctured.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Donaldson of East Kane, and is survived by one brother, Edward, 316 Haines street and three sisters as follows: Mrs. H. J. Donner, 407 Chase street; Mrs. Homer Hetrick, Brockville, and Mrs. Clarence Carter of Pittsburgh.

The bereaved father went to Ridgway Friday to bring the remains to this city. They were taken to the home of Mrs. Donner, 407 Chase street from where funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The remains were taken to DuBois, is former home, on the Monday morning train for interment.

The unfortunate young man was a member of the Eagles and was well thought of by his many friends and acquaintances. He served in the navy for a considerable period, having been bugle boy on the U. S. S. Minneapolis.—Bane Republican.

MOVED TO SHEFFIELD

J. F. Armstrong and family have moved from Norwich to Sheffield, where Mr. Armstrong is conducting the Utopian Theater in that town.

—C. C. Choate, new proprietor of the Star Theater, advertises the attractions for next week in another column.

FIRE AT BRADFORD

A disastrous fire occurred Tuesday morning when the Butcher Knife factory on Barbour street, which is a part of the Case Cutlery company's plant, was badly damaged by fire. The blaze started at 9 o'clock and was not under control until it almost wrecked the interior of the butcher knife factory.

Mr. Case stated this morning that the damage to the plant, machinery and stock amounted to about $40,000, with $20,000 insurance, as the loss is only partially insured.

The butcher knife factory is a two-story brick building and it is almost entirely gutted. Besides the damage to the building, the loss on damaged machinery and finished stock is very large.

The fire originated from a good-sized tank of quenching oil located in the hardening department, which is in the rear of the first floor. Into this tank are dipped red hot steel blades and when one was dipped Tuesday morning for some reason the oil flashed and then ignited and was soon a mass of flames, which quickly communicated with the woodwork of the room. It was not long before the fire spread about the first floor and proceeded to the second and on account of the large volume of smoke it was difficult to tell just where the blaze was—thus water was used freely and everything inside the plant is smoked and watersoaked. The firemen worked nearly all of the forenoon on the fire.

The building also is known as the Robinson Butcher Knife company's plant. The structure was formerly used by the Crandall Cutlery company.—Bradford Star-Record.

WILL TEST PROHIBITION AMENDMENT

Washington, Jan. 20.—The supreme court yesterday decided to pass on the validity of both the federal prohibition amendment which became operative last Saturday and the act of Congress prescribing the manner of its enforcement.

The court's decision will be rendered on proceedings which are to be instituted by the state of Rhode Island, which was given permission to bring an original suit. Solicitor General King for the government announced that he immediately would prepare and file a motion asking for dismissal of the Rhode Island case on the ground that the court lacked jurisdiction.

All signs advertising intoxicating beverages must disappear from public view today, according to an edict issued last night by James Shevlin, supervising federal prohibition agent for New York city. Rhode Island and Connecticut. All whiskey, gin, wine and beer signs must be either pulled down, hidden from public view or be painted out, he said.

Mr. Shevlin said that if any saloons display liquor signs after today and the proprietors are making no effort to tear them down the arrest of the saloon men will be ordered.

DEATH OF MRS. BERKHOUSE

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Berkhouse, who resides with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Drake on West Main street, occurred Sunday, pneumonia being the cause after an illness of six days. Mrs. Berkhouse was Mrs. Drake's mother, a most estimable lady whose death is sadly regretted by many friends.

The remains were taken to Brockwayville, her former home, where funeral and burial occurred yesterday. Mrs. Berkhouse was aged about 78 years, and had been a resident of this town for several years.

DOUGHBOYS WERE WINNERS

At the Lyceum last Thursday night a large crowd of spectators witnessed the fierce struggle between the Gobs and the Doughboys for basket ball supremacy. The game was fought hard every inch of the way and the result was in doubt until the last minute of play. The Doughboys, however, secured a slight lead early in the game and managed to hold it against the desperate assaults of the Gobs so that the final score read 36 to 33. If these teams decide to play other contests it is a surety they will not lack spectators as they gave one of the liveliest exhibitions of basket ball ever played upon the local floor. The Smethport band played during the rest periods.

WANTED

To rent a piano. Inquire this office. adv4wl

FOUND DEAD IN THE SNOW NEAR BETULA

While driving along the road between Betula and Norwich, Tuesday afternoon, men found the body of R. W. Nichols in the snow. Life was extinct and the belief is that he was overcome by the exertion of walking through the drifts and succumbed to an attack of heart disease.

The body was taken to Betula and examined by a physician. Coroner and undertaker were summoned, but on account of the drifted condition of the roads were unable to make the trip until yesterday.

R. W. Nichols is said to have lived in Kittaning, and was about 55 years of age. He came to Colegrove on the Pennsylvania train, Tuesday morning, walked to Betula, peddling his wares, which consisted of knives and other small articles of merchandise. The last seen of him alive was when he left the hotel at Betula after saying he was going to walk to Norwich, a distance of about two miles. It was a stormy afternoon and it is believed that battling through the drifts proved too much for an overdriven heart and that he expired very suddenly. That the man was found soon after life departed is evidenced by the fact that the body was warm, thus disposing of the story current here yesterday that the man had frozen to death.

As this article is written efforts are being made to locate relatives of Nichols, and no burial arrangements have yet been made.

RAILROAD CONNECTED UP

The relaying of the ties and rails and the replacing of the bridges of the N. Y. & P. railway that were taken up part of the way between Genesee and Canisteo was finally connected up a week ago yesterday, January 6, when W. W. Crittenden of Oswayo drove the last spike at Whitesville where the crew from Genesee in charge of William Kelly and the crew from Canisteo in charge of George Burd came together. The work was started pretty late in the fall and the weather conditions have been real bad for such work, but both crews did splendid work. Kelly's crew were help up 31 days waiting for ties and rails to be shipped from Canisteo around by Wellsville to Genesee so that they were handicapped with their work and they also had to get out the timbers and have them sawed for the long bridge at Payneville.

Just when through trains will begin running from Shinglehouse to Canisteo is not known at this time, but it is hoped that it will be soon. A. J. Vaughn told a Mail reporter Saturday that 12 car loads of potatoes and other produce were shipped from Whitesville the past week, and Agent S. C. Rundell told him that 20 car loads of chemical wood were loaded and shipped from the yards in Shinglehouse the past week, most of it going to the chemical plants at Straight and Straight Creek, Elk county.—Shinglehouse Mail.

WANTED

CLERK—To take charge of office; one familiar with keeping accounts and general office work; man preferred; also Stenographer, capable of taking dictation and assisting in general clerical work. State qualifications, age, etc. Apply MINER office.

adv4wl

LEAP YEAR PARTY

A party will be given at Holder's Hall tonight. About seventy-five guests are expected.

—Sherwood R. Chase of Tulsa Okla., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Chase of this place. Mr. Chase is now general manager for the Illinois Torpedo Co., for Oklahoma and Kansas, and is another Smethport boy who has made good in the business world. He came to New York city last week to attend a meeting at the Hotel McAlpin of dealers in high explosives from all over the country, and this was his first visit home in eleven years. He leaves today for Tulsa.

DICELLO'S STORY

That a strong case of self-defense may be built up when Angelo Dicello goes to trial for the murder of Tony Grecco was indicated by a statement made to The Bradford Era by Dicello himself, Thursday afternoon. The statement corresponds in every important detail with that told by Margaret Dicello which was first given publicity by the MINER last August. He says that he shot Grecco to save his own life and that of his daughter. "I kill one or he kill two," was the way Dicello phrased it.

According to Dicello's story, Grecco was a Blackhander, and already had extorted $50 from him prior to the night of the shooting. A demand for $50 more, accompanied by threats against Margaret Dicello and Dicello himself, was what precipitated the killing, Dicello declared.

A short time before the fateful New Year's day meeting in Dicello's house at Kane more than a year ago, Grecco had obtained $50 by threatening Dicello with death, the defendant said yesterday. On New Year's day, when Dicello returned from work he found Grecco, Frank Vera and another man in his house. Mrs. Dicello was ill and Margaret served a meal to her father and the visitors. After eating, Dicello said, Grecco demanded $50 more.

"I tell him I no bank," Dicello said "Then he get up, grab Margaret's arm and say "Then I steal your daughter." He say "If you call police I go to jail but you die."

When Margaret cried for help, Dicello rushed for his revolver. Then levelling it at Grecco he ordered the intruder to leave the house. Grecco's ready reply, Dicello claimed, was to reach for his own gun. Before Grecco could shoot, however, Dicello opened fire, discharging two shots from his own revolver, and then grappling with Grecco and wrenching away the latter's gun, Dicello said that he also fired two shots into Grecco from the victim's own revolver.

After the shooting, Dicello said, he ran away into the woods, and was lost for a day or two. He sold his revolver to buy food, and later got a job "on the railroad," near Utica. Last Saturday he went to Lock Haven to see his sick wife, and was arrested there Monday night. Dicello declared yesterday that he had intended to go from Lock Haven to Kane and thence to Smethport to surrender himself to the authorities.

Dicello, a quiet, mild-mannered and apparently intelligent man of 45 years does not seem in the least perturbed as to his possible fate at the hands of the law. He expressed no regret over killing Grecco, taking the position that it was a case of Grecco's life or the lives of himself and his daughter. He seems to believe firmly that the alleged Blackhander intended murder in case he was unsuccessful in his attempt at extortion. Dicello told his story in a matter-of-fact and convincing way, and appears perfectly confident that the law will recognize his claim that in shoting Grecco, he did the only thing possible in defense of his life and his family.

The Lock Haven Express says: While here Sheriff Robinson made information before Alderman John P. Anthony against Margaret Dicello, the prisoner's daughter, with the object of holding her as a material witness in the case against her father. The warrant was placed in the hands of Detective S. H. Myers, who was accompanied by the visiting sheriff to the home on East Clinton street occupied by the Dicello family, where the young woman was taken into custody about 5 o'clock Tuesday evening. The accused went with the officers to the office of Alderman Anthony, where she was held in the sum of $1,000 bail to appear in the McKean county court on February 23 to testify in the case against her father, Carl Guerriero, the Grove street barber, signed the bail bond.

At Kane Friday afternoon Pontaleon Pacifico, an eye witness of the Grecco murder in Kane on the evening of January 1, 1919, was arrested and is being detained as a material witness. He was taken before an alderman and being unable to furnish bail was escorted to the county jail in Smethport to await the trial. Pacifico was arrested while working in the section gang in Kane and it is said that it was necessary for an interpreter to explain the nature of the proceedings to him. Pacifico was the principal witness in the Margaret Dicello murder trial.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

January 12—Thomas Traven and Nora Freaney, both of Bradford, Pa.

January 16—Gustav Martin Martenson of Ludlow, Pa., and Cecil Josephine Allen of Wetmore, Pa.

January 14—Leo Patrick Murphy of Bradford, Pa., and Margaret Frances Haley of Foster Brook, Pa.

January 17—Ray Irvin Moore and Alice Caroline Nelson, both of Port Allegany, Pa.

January 19—Henry C. Roth and Victoria Johnson, both of Mt. Jewett, Pa.

January 20—Charles E. O'Brien and Veronica E. Brophy, both of Bradford, Pa.

DEEDS

January 12—Wayne Hamilton and wife to George A. Wescott and wife, Bradford, $2,500.

Caroline Swanson to Anton M. Anderson, Keating, $800.

John W. Pickersgill and wife to Edwin A. Okerlund, Keating, $1,600.

January 13—Addie M. Barnaby to Frank Dossett and wife, Port Allegany, $1,000.

Frances M. Congdon to Ellen C Murphy, Bradford twp., $1,000.

January 14—Fannie B. Myers and husband to R. J. Campbell, Lafayette, $1.

John W. Davis and wife to Lillian R. Davis, Bradford, $1.

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Jeremiah Galvin to Harold P. Hue, Kane, $1.

January 15—Alice C. Stephens et al. to Alma Arthurs, Hamlin, $200.

Robert J. Campbell and wife to Willis L. Myers, Lafayette, $1.

January 16—Mary M. Eldson and husband to G. T. Eldson, Foster, $2,000.

Same to same, Foster, $1.

G. T. Eldson and wife to Otto Koch et al., Foster $5,500.

Mary Hearley, Bradford, $1.

J. A. Melue and wife to Vera H. Kemp, Eldred twp., $400.

William J. Johnson and wife to Dudley S. Day, Smethport, $1,750

January 17—Lettie H. Wheeler and husband to Anna Barr, Bradford, $1.

January 19—Jennie S. Clayson to Grace C. Boyle, Kane, $1.

Chas. B. Eliason et al to George W Wingard, Kane, $1.

L. Rogers, treasurer, to A. T. Barden, Otto, $5.41.

Gell Coleman and wife to J. A. Caskey, Liberty, $1,600.

Lydia B. Holder et al to James Quirk, Smethport, $9,000.

John Madigan to Harriett Stone, Bradford, $3,500.

Frederick P. Schoonmaker, et al., trustee to Cora L. Foster, Bradford twp., $30,000.

ASSIGNMENT OF MORTGAGE

January 13—Julius Carlson to Charles A. Brytz, Kane, $800.

Lelia Price, Admx. to Vincenzo Mongello, Corydon, $900.

January 19—Ada E. Layman, Admx. to First National Bank, Port Allegany, $1,800.

SATISFACTION OF MORTGAGE

January 12—First National Bank, Port Allegany to Maurice O'Conner, Port Allegany, $700.

January 13—Paul Kuhne to Ernest Weist, Kane, $1,250.

Julia McKhan to Theodore Goodman, Bradford, $500.

Joseph H. Bovaird to Edward Marsh and wife, Bradford, $487.26.

January 15—C. Rose Denis to Myrtle F. Dorman and husband, Kane, $1,000.

January 16—Frank W. Crandall et al. to Frank M. Johnston, Foster, $56,750.

First National Bank to Alex M Schwartz, Port Allegany, $5,000.

January 17—Nora McGrath, Exr. to Maurice Griffa et al., Bradford, $1,500.

January 19—John H. Markham, Jr., to Jennie S. Clayson, Kane, $6,500.

R. M. Wolcott, Exr. to M. J. Bridge, Ceres, $2,500.

Edward L. Adams et. al to F. W. Davis, Bradford twp., $28,986.54.

Kane Bank and Trust Company to Katie H. Wright and husband, Kane, $4,000.

ELDRED

The American Producing & Revning Company of Bradford, recently took over the leases held by Ulf Bros. and F. A. Aggers, together with the leases held by the Bluegrass Kentucky Oil company and the Union Kentucky Oil company. The total acreage amounts to approximately 12,000 acres. It is the purpose of the company to build an up-to-date refinedy at Bowling Green The company already has about 30 miles of pipe line and about 1,000 barrels of oil per da" under contract. F. F. Mack, Eldred, expert refiner, will take the management of the refinery and begin construction at once and complete the refinery as quickly as possible. The refinery will be built to handle 1,000 barrels per day. Mr. Mack resigned as superintendent of the local refinery, on January 1st, and is preparing to leave for his new field of labor.

The well brought in on the Grow farm near Duke Center, by Grow & Dennis, is holding at about seven barrels after four weeks. This well was brought in at 18 barrels in the Chipmunk sand, at a depth of 700 feet. The oil flowed several feet out of the hole when drilled in and over $100 worth of oil was lost before the hole was capped. Other wells on this property are small producers in the Bradford sand and this one will be drilled deeper as soon as it is pumped off. It has never been shot.

M. N. Allen, insurance agent was down from Port Allegany Tuesday to adjust a small fire loss at H. H. Herman's. Sunday one of the children lit a match to look under a bed. Later the bed was discovered to be afier. This was extinguished without much damage.

Charles E. Coleman, aged about 70 years, died at the County Home in Smethport, at About 7:30 this morning, death being due to old age. Deceased formerly lived in Eldred, going to Smethport about seven years ago. He had been confined to his bed for five months. He leaves four daughters: Mrs. George Taylor, Mrs. James Bostock, Mrs. George Kitchen, all of England, and Mrs. Edward Gardiner of Eldred. The funeral will be held from St. Raphael's Church here, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and interment made in Oak Hill.

Men over on the Potter Gas company lease at Annin Creek last week struck for $4 a day and the company went down to Shinglehouse and picked up a crew so the strikers are still striking.

Robert Ryan, aged 18 of Crosby, a nephew of Mrs. D. Daley of Larabee, died at the home of his grandmother at Annin Creek the 9th.

County Detective J. J. Allison, was in town Wednesday investigating the Robinson-Shively shooting affray of last week.

ONE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL ..IN FIFTEEN THOUSAND

Seventy-eight Americans, of whom only fifty-four survive, won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the war with Germany. The Home Sector, the ex-soldier's magazine conducted by the former editorial council of The Stars and Stripes, estimating that there were a million and a quarter Americans in battle, states there was one award of the Medal of Honor for each 15,000 men engaged. More than 4,000 Distinguished Service crosses and over 25,000 foreign decorations were won by Americans.

The following table of Medal of Honor awards has been compiled by The Home Sector:

By states—New York 9, Illinois 7, California 6, Missouri 6, New Jersey 6, South Carolina 6, Tennessee 5, Colorado 4, Massachusetts 4, Oklahoma 3, Arizona 2, Idaho 2, Kentucky 2, Minnesota 2, Virginia 2, Alabama 1, Iowa 1, Kansas 1, Michigan 1, North Carolina 1, Oregon 1, Texas 1, Washington 1, Wisconsin 1, England 1, Norway 1. Total, 78.

By Divisions—Thirteenth 12, Eighty-ninth 9, Thirty-third 8, Second 7, Twenty-seventh 6, Seventy-seventh 6, Ninety-first 4, Twenty-ninth 3, First 2, Third 2, Fifth 2, Twenty-sixth 2, Thirty-fifth 2, Thirty-sixth 2, Forty-second 2, Tank Corps 2, Eighty-second 2, Twenty-eighth 1, Thirty-first 1, Seventy-eighth 1, Ninety-third 1, Air Service 1. Total, 78.

PRINTER'S MARVELOUS DISCOVERY

It remained for a printer to come to the rescue of thirsty Americans The discovery and development of the booze bug is claimed by a typographical gentleman named Wells D Payne, and we hasten to suggest to him that he cross this marvelous insect with a lightning bug so that after darkness thirsts may be readily quenched. The particulars of this new enrichment of science are contained in the following letter which was published in the last issue of the Typographical Journal:

Somewhere in Mexico.
(Can't spell nor pronounce it.)
November 14, 1919.

R. J. Murray, Nampa, Idaho:

Friend Dick—This is inspired by your appeal in The Typographical Journal for a bootlegger.

When I was a boy (some years ago) I "made" the southwest country; and while waiting for a freight train to come my way I wandered out to where the inviting shade of a cactus beckoned for a siesta. My dream was a vision—and when I awoke I was still under its influence, which continued for several hours. At the time I was unable to account for it; but later on I made the acquaintance of an "old-timer," who explained that I had selected for my "room" the shade of the cactus from which mescal is made. It seems that a bug which lives on this plant had dropped on me and had taken a bite. The bug and his forebugs had tarried around this mescal cactus for so long that their systems were full of the Mexican joy spirit, and the bite had inoculated me. This is the prelude. Have patience.

Viewing with alarm the advent of prohibition, some time ago I took up the study of how to beat it—and do it legally. No illicit distilling; no smuggling for me. I spent many nights pouring over old chemistry books—but they didn't have what I wanted; they all forced me up against Old Man Law. Then came the light! I remembered the bug of the cactus plant—and here I am in Mexico working out the liberation of the millions of poor souls like yourself.

I have succeeded in isolating the bug of the mescal plant, the bug of the tequila plant, and the bug of the sotol plant. A bite from either one is sufficient to start an Irish republic. It is really too violent—too much after the style of "Sparrow" Martin's home-made stuff we used to get at the Press-Wheelmen club.

To get away from this "sudden war and destruction" quality I have systematically cross-bred these different bugs—sort of concocted a cocktail, as it were. And have produced a species that is safe to keep around the house And the beauty of it all is that I am within the law.

Haven't worked out the commercial end of the scheme as yet; but that will be simple. In a short time I will have millions of these bugs, which I have not named as yet. At 10 cents a bite—three bites for two bits—and all of them working—think of it!

Am sending you in a separate package two of my pedigreed bugs—male and female Let nature take its ourse. Don't use them until they have reproduced, for there is only one efficient bite to each bug. They die soon after their mission in life is fulfilled.

As to a name for the bugs for commercial use, I have thought of calling them after "Buck" Lewis or "Mickey" Hickey (the latter has more of a jilting sound to it) or for you, my friend. Want no lasting fame for myself, only the knowledge that I have been a benefactor to mankind, and the royalty, of course, is sufficient.

The two I am sending you are named Billie and Lillie. It won't be necessary for you to know which is which—they know. With regards.

WELLS D. PAYNE.

THE Y. M. C. A. OFFERS SCHOLARSHIPT

The agricultural course should appeal to men who miss the social side of Army life. It should to the man who wants to learn practical things regarding agriculture. The course will keep the man busy and hustling, but will be interesting, attractive and practical as well as entertaining. Stunt nights, athletics, receptions, movies, noted speakers, etc., will contribute to the social or entertainment side of the course.

Ex-service men in this territory who are interested in taking the course should get in touch with J. D. McVean in charge of the Vocational course in agriculture at Edinboro, and ask for an application blank and a bulletin giving the details of the free scholarships which are to be awarded in each of the counties by a county committee. Mr. E. J. Rutt, Y. M. C. A., Harrisburg, will give similar information, or better get in touch with the secretary of the committee in your county. In Erie county Mr. H. M. Fishel, Y. M. C. A., Erie, Pa., is secretary of the county committee. Applications for the free scholarships which are furnished by the Y. M. C. A., should be forwarded directly or indirectly to Mr. Fishel His committee will act on the applications and certify the men to attend the course at Edinboro school February 2,28, 1920.

The details of the plan are in the bulletin, which may be had for the asking. Time is short, so ex-service men desiring to make use of the agricultural course offered by the Y. M. C. A. should get busy. The farm bureau agent, the county superintendent of schools, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, or members of the county committee will be glad to assist the ex service men to get in line for the month of practical education along agricultural lines.

Edinboro is prepared to give these men a warm welcome, a good, busy, practical course of instruction, a good time, and a royal send off. It is hoped many men will come to Edinboro for the course which the Y. M. C. A. finances free to ex-service men through the scholarships mentioned. Soldier boys be in Edinboro during February for the agricultural course.

PERCE BROOK

Mrs. Orlo Cory, who has been ill is improving, which is pleasing news to her many friends and neighbors.

Miss Vera Patterson, who attends school in Smethport, spent the week end at the home of her parents.

Mr. Joe Oliver left for Cuba, N. Y., on Thursday.

Mr. George Brougham and son George are spending a few days with their family at this place.

Miss Edith Cory spent the week end at her home of this place.

Mr. Kolin Oliver was ill several days last week.

Ansel Patterson has been suffering with a lame back.

Theo Cleveland has been drawing wood for Sam Oliver.

The Bush Hill pupils and their teasher enjoyed a half holiday last Friday, as there was not enough gas to keep warm.

As the result of the stormy weather and bad roads our peopleidd not receive their mail on Wednesday or Thursday. We surely welcomed the mail man on Friday.

Fred Cleveland was seen in our hollow several times last week.

Miss Lois Stratton spent the week end at her home in Farmers Valley.

Ted Dickerson was a Smethport visitor on Saturday.

Mr. Volney Washburn of Moody Hollow spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Orlo Cory, Esther went back with him, returning to Smethport on the morning train.

George Brougham went to Smethport last Thursday for a load of coal. Coming back he got stalled in the snow drifts near the old Bishop place.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE

Natice is hereby given that on the 13th day of January A. D., 1920, the Liberty Wood Products Company filed in the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, its petition praying for a decree o fdissolution and that a hearing upon said application for dissolution has been fixed by said Court for Monday, Feb. 23, 1920, at 2 o'clock p.m., when and where all persons interested may attend and show cause against the granting of the prayer of the said petition, if they so desire.

C. W. CATLIN,
Solicitor for Petitioner.
Jan. 19, 1920. adv4w3

"The Farmer's Worst Enemy—Rats
The Farmer's Best Friend—
Rat-Snap"

These are the words of James Baxter, N. J.: "Ever since I tried RAT-SNAP I have always kept it in the house. Never fails. Used about $3.00 worth of RAT-SNAP a year and figure it saves me $300 in chicks eggs and feed. RAT-SNAP is convenient, just break up cake, no mixing with other food." Three sizes, 25c 50c, $1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Lindholm's grocery. Garlick's hardware and the Hogarth Pharmacy.

The Imp of the Arrows

By DORA MOLLAN

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Rodger Cameron placed the last book in the packing box and nailed on the cover. Then he sat and gazed about the little room, which looked bare indeed, stripped of his few personal belongings. It occurred to him just then to wonder exactly how many hours of study and serious thought he had spent in that small block of atmosphere inclosed within four walls, 12 feet square of floor space and ditto of ceiling.

In the midst of his musing some perverse imp, whom Cameron, professor of psychology though he was, did not recognize, delved down into the depths of Rodger's orderly mind and dragged into light some lines of verse. The young professor's lips, entirely "on their own," as it were, repeated them aloud:

Even as a child who on the seashore sits,
Taking unchallenged all each bright wave brings,
So let me play awhile with life and time,
Not thinking of the mystery of things.

Two facts concerning these lines clung to the roots of them in their rude upheaval: That they were by a modern poet, and that they had appeared some time before in a maga-

"That Wave Caught Me Napping."

zine. The name of the magazine and the rest of the poem, if any, refused to be unearthed.

But there were many things to be attended to before the start on the morrow; so the methodical professor put from his mind the truant verse and for the moment his thoughts dwelt instead on the course of study planned for the summer vacation.

But the mischievous imp was not to be gainsaid. He dangled the lines in front of the professor's mind's eye insistently all that day. On the way to the station the wheels of the car beat them out; the railroad train took up the refrain. Then Rodger Cameron did a foolish thing—or perhaps it was a wise one. He compromised with the imp; and you knew the old saying about him who makes compromises! Traveling 50 miles out of his way to spend one whole day at a shore resort comprised Rodger's.

That is why we find him number 18 in a queue of a hundred-odd that stretched from the entrance to the bathhouses far back into the blistering sunlight. He wondered why he had come.

A short man in gray suit and cap, bursting with a sense of his own importance and outraged dignity, stood immediately behind Rodger. "I'm tired of standing here," he called out in a tone loud enough to reach the perspiring man who was doling out bathhouse keys as rapidly—or as slowly as they were returned. "I'd like a house, please. "I'm"—an impressive pause—"Mr. Geer."

"You may be Mr. Rockerfellow Vanderastor for all the difference it makes here!" threw back the red-faced dispenser of the precious bits of brass. "You take your turn or you take nothing!"

The gray-suited man stepped out of the line and stalked away, to the frank diversion of the crowd. Cameron glanced around. A girl had advanced into the majestic person's place; a girl whose face was concealed from Rodger by a wide-brimmed white hat. The professor turned back; then a thought occurred to him. It wouldn't be any more than decent! So he addressed the brim of the white hat: "Won't you let me get your key along with mine? Then you can sit in the shade."

"That's very kind of you," spoke a rippling voice, and the wide-brimmed hat tilted back a little so that Rodger caught a glimpse of mischievous black eyes.

Rodger watched the girl walk over to the pavilion and sit down on a bench. He kept on watching her. Every time he moved up a step she glanced over at him and smiled. It was a winning smile. Rodger was number five in the line now—and wished he were number 50! Another smile. Only three more smiles coming now—possibly an extra one when he should give her her key. Why he was actually glad he had come!

The end came too soon. The red-faced man handed Cameron two keys. The girl stepped up and took one of them from him pressing a quarter into his hand. With murmured words of thanks and a mischievous look as if she would like to say something more, she vanished toward the group of houses set aside for women.

Half an hour later Rodger Cameron sat disconsolately on the beach. Wave after wave, bright and sparkling in the morning sun, spilled its foam-flecked crest at his feet.

"Taking unchallenged all each bright wave brings." The lines ran mockingly. Without his glasses he couldn't recognize his own mother ten feet away. How could he ever expect then to find the girl of the ripply voice and the smile? She might have been any one of the numerous women he had met and passed on his way out to the raft and back; she might be smiling at him from somewhere about right now. Fool that he was to ruin his eyes by midnight study! Happy laughter and bantering voices mingled with the splash of waves. What did he know about playing?

A higher wave than usual deposited something animate at his feet. The something stood erect and shook itself. Then there was a pulling of abbreviated skirts into place—then a voice, rippling with laughter.

"Not a very dignified approach! That wave caught me napping. Glorious, isn't it? Makes one glad to be alive. May I sit down here? Really, Professor Cameron, I'm not as bold as I seem. I've taught this whole year right in the same college with you. Not that you've been at all aware of it. I can't flatter myself by thinking that, I'm Stimson, domestic science."

A sinking feeling smote Rodger right in the pit of the stomach. This ripply, sunshiny creature had been practically at his elbow all winter! What did fate mean by throwing that knowledge in his face at this belated day?

"Taking unchallenged?"

Was fate, perhaps, giving him another chance?

"Why, Miss Stimson—I beg your pardon! And I've been looking everywhere for the girl of the smile—the one I got the key for. It never occurred to me—"

Just then the mischievous imp who had brought up the irrelevant verses from the depths of the young professor's memory grinned at Rodger around their edge. Something bulged from his shoulder. It dawned on Rodger that that something was a quiver of arrows!

A Rat Breeds 6 to 10 Times a Year Averaging Ten Young to a Litter

Remember this, act as soon as you see the first rat. Get a pkg. of RAT SNAP. It's a sure rat and mice destroyer. It's convenient, comes in cake form, no mixing. Mummifies rat after killing—leaves no smell. Cats or dogs won't touch it. Three sizes, 25c 50c $1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Lindholm's grocery. Garlick's hardware and the Hogarth pharmacy.

The MINER at $2.00 per year keeps you informed of all home and county news.

If Your Dealer does not handle
LE ROY PLOWS
Write LeRoy Plow Co., LeRoy, N.Y.

JONTEEL
The new $100,000 odor
TALC—FACE POWDER
Cold Cream and
Combination Cream
Hogarth's Pharmacy
(THE REXALL STORE)

CHOICE CANDY
AND
BAKED GOODS
AT
BRASTED'S
Bakery

AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING
Horseshoeing
General Blacksmithing

Having purchased the business formerly conducted by George Howe at East Smethport, we are now ready to attend to all work in the above lines and solicit a share of your patronage.

ANDERSON & JACOBSON
East Smethport, Pa.
PHONE 176

McKean County Miner

Thursday, January 22, 1920

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a welcome caller at this office Thursday.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Whitenhall of Bokoluss, La., January 3, 1920, a daughter.

—Hon. C. W. Catlin of Port Allegany was a pleasant caller at the MINER office Thursday. Mr. Catlin is a candidate for re-election as a member of assembly from McKean codnty.

—Congressman Evan J. Jones of McKean county, has been named to fill the vacancy on the committee on interstate and foreign commerce of congress, made vacant by the resignation of J. Hampton Moore, who is now mayor of Philadelphia.

—Many small dailies are being forced out of business every day of the year on account of the paper shortage, which is becoming more acute with every passing week. As the supply diminishes the price soars and as high as 14 cents per pound is demanded for paper that formerly sold at from 3 to 5 cents.

—Wildcats are being hunted in the Hunt party at Trout Run, near St. Mary's, the finest game preserve in this section of the state, when it was discovered that six deer had been killed by the animals, says the Ridgway Record. The carcasses of the six bucks were found in the preserve and it is believed more have been killed.

—Mrs. Bell McMahon of Austin was fatally burned last week when she tried to light a fire in the stove by using gasoline. The fumes ignited burning one of her arms and hand and a part of her side and chest. Erysipelas set in soon after, and her system became poisoned. She died on Thursday last at 7 o'clock in the morning. She was buried from the home of her parents at Wharton on Sunday afternoon, interment being made in the Gilmore cemetery below Five Forks.—Potter Independent.

—William Grossman, employed as a tool dresser by Burns C Kehoe, contractors, was badly burned Thursday while working on a well in the vicinity of Big Shanty. From the men working with Mr. Grossman it was learned that while drilling into sand, a good sized pocket of gas was encountered. When the gas reached the surface it ignited and set fire to Mr. Grossman's clothing— Fellow workmen were quick to hasten to the assistance of the unfortunate man and it was found necessary to roll him in the snow in order to extinguish the flames that had already destroyed the clothing about his hips and legs. At the hospital the patient is doing as well as could be expected. The prompt action of his associates at the well undoubtedly saved his being fatally burned.

TO CONSERVE GAS

Washington, Jan. 16.—Governors of natural gas producing states, state geologists, public utility commissioners and industrial leaders met yesterday with Secretary of the Interior Lane and the Natural Gas Conservation congress to consider means of relieving the acute shortage of natural gas.

Secretary Lane stated that with more than 2,400,000 domestic consumers of natural gas, and a population of at least 10,000,000 dependent on this fuel for domestic comforts, stringent efforts must be taken to conserve the supply.

Among those speaking at the meeting were Director George Otis Smith, of the geological survey, Commissioner John S. Rilling of the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission, and Director Van H. Manning of the bureau of mines.

This afternoon session was reserved for a discussion of the recent decision of the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission, which denied the sliding upward scale as a conservation measure.

The MINER at $2.00 per year keeps you informed of all home and county news.

PORT ALLEGANY

Operations were started at the Allegany Window Glass Factory Monday after a shutdown of about a month. The factory will continue in operation for seventeen weeks or until about the middle of May, when production will cease for the summer, to resume again in September with the second tank when an 18-week period will begin. The company has started the use of the recently installed producers, which are working in a very satsifactory manner. The installation of these machines makes the company independent of natural gas and solves the gas problem which has caused so much trouble in past years. The gas is produced from coal, of which about 3 1-2 carloads a week are used. The installation of these producers, together with the building of a new lehr for flattening tripple thick glass, and repair work, has cost the company in the neighborhood of $50,000 during the past year. The skilled workers, who have received a 5 per cent increase, beginning with this fire, are again worning in six-hour shifts. The importance of the Allegany Glass factory to this borough can be seen from the fact that they employ nearly 200 workmen, many of them receiving high wages. Of the workmen there are 32 blowers, 32 gathers, 32 snappers, 8 flattenders, 13 cutters and 35 other workmen.

The County Commissioners will be in Port Allegany Monday evening to meet with the supervisors of Liberty Township and with others interested in good roads, in regard to securing state aid for improving the road from the end of the macadam to the foot of Ostrander Hill on the road between Port Allegany and Smethport. The improving of this road, whether with concrete or macadam, would be of great benefit both to Port Allegany borough and to Liberty Township. Whether or not the work will be done depends largely upon a matter of finances.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Smith from Port Allegany were visitors on January 6th at the big exhibit of Southern California products maintained free to the public in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. They also attended the lectures and moving pictures that are a part of the daily program. The exhibit is the largest of any in the country maintained by a commercial organization. Before returning home, they expect to visit several of the many other places of interest in the Southland.

The marriage of Herbert Ostrander and Elvira Penn took place Wednesday afternoon at the Presbyterian Manse, Rev. A. E. French officiating. Both are popular local young people and have the congratulations of many friends.

H. Beckley went to the Olean Hospital, where he had his leg amputated on Wednesday. He is reported as getting along well.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaffee are the parents of a baby daughter, born Tuesday.—Reporter-Argus.

COLDS Spread INFLUENZA
KILL THE COLD AT ONCE WITH
HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE
Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture.
At All Drug Stores

UNCLE TED'S BED-TIME STORY

"The other day you promised you'd tell us all about Mexico, Uncle Ted," said Jack as he pulled Uncle Ted into his favorite chair. "I want to know all I can about it because Tommy Smith who was a soldier in the big war is going to help some of us boys give a Mexican show."

"Well, Jack," answered his Uncle, "I don't know whether I can tell you much to help you get up your Mexican show, but I can tell you a few of the things that have happened in that country in the past few years and how hundreds of Americans who live there have been killed and ruined and how many others have had their homes destroyed. It is a long story and so you and Ruth will have to be real quiet so I can tell as much as possible.

"I shall start after the summer of 1912, the first year Woodrow Wilson became President. That summer had been quiet in Mexico, but in October General Felix Diaz, nephew of the former President Diaz, led a revolt against the government which was then headed by President Madero. He failed at the time but after being sentenced to death was released and again went after Madero. The next February, General Huerta, who had been helping Madero, deserted and the result was the arrest of President Madero. While Madero and Suarez, who had been his vice president, were being taken from the Palance in Mexico City to the penitentiary, they were shot and killed. Huerta became president then and every one in this country was anxious to see what President Wilson would do, because of the many Americans living there and the nearness of that country to our own. It was important that he acts firm and make the new Mexican government understand that we would stand for no nonsesense. Henry Lane Wilson was then our ambassador in Mexico and he urged President Wilson to recognize Huerta as the Mexican President, but our President would not do so although Spain did so in April, 1913. Great Britain and France in may and many other countries a little later. A great many people believe that this failure to recognize Huerta was the first of a thousand big mistakes that President Wilson made in dealing with Mexico and that had he recognized Huerta it might have saved years of trouble and hundreds of lives."

"Why did they think this," asked Jack.

"Because, Jack, the attitude of the United States encouraged Huerta's enemies who called themselves 'Constitutionalists,' and after capturing several towns they set up another government with Carranza, who is now presiden, as 'provisional president.' By June they controlled nearly all of north Mexico. Beause President Wilson didn't agree with Ambassador Wilson he was called back to the United States and resigned July 4 1913, and John Lind, former governor of Minnesota was sent to try and settle the troubles in Mexico for Woodrow Wilson. But he failed and Mr. Wilson admitted it in a message to Congress on August 27th of that year. Things went from bad to worse in Mexico with Villa, the bandit leader, capturing many towns, and killing Americans and British. On April 3, 1914, Mr. Lind gave up his job and came home. Villa fought harder and started what finally caused the downfall of Huerta. While they were fighting at Tampico on April 13, 1914, shells fell near the city and damaged many oil tanks. Rear-Admiral Mayo, who then commanded the U. S. Fleet stationed in the harbor, ordered the fire directed away from them, and on April 10th, when some U. S. Marines were landing at Tampico to get gasoline for their launch, they were arrested by Mexican federal troops. The Mexican colonel who arrested them changed his mind, released them and apologized, but Admiral Mayo was angry and demanded that the American flag be saluted as an apology. Huerta refused to do this. Our fleet was then ordered to Mexico and President Wilson ordered that our flag should be saluted by Huerta before 6 p.m. April 19. The salute was never given and the only result was the landing of our marines a few days later and the loss of many of their lives. Ever since that time, with the shifting and changing of affairs in Mexico, President Wilson has done nothing but send notes and warn Mexico until it has become a joke with Mexico and she does as she pleass.

"In 1915 a convention was held in Washington between representatives of the United States and the South American countries to try and bring peace in Mexico. Villa agreed to make peace but Carranza demanded he be made President. In August of that year Mexican bandits crossed in to Texas and raided American towns. Villa kept up his attacks upon Americans and in March, 1916 he attacked the Army post at Columbus, New Mexico, killing seventeen persons, some soldiers and burning and stealing from many buildings. The American women had to be removed from the town to safety. This kept up all along the border until the Americans were in danger of their lives at all times. Every one wanted us to send our troops into Mexico and stop this terrible thing, but President Wilson refused to be 'rushed' and kept on with what he called 'watchful waiting.'

"Finally General Pershing was sent into Mexico with 4,000 men with orders to capture Villa, dead or alive. He would have done so, but was ordered back before he had the chance. On October 19, 1917, after dozens of Americans had been killed, American towns raided and homes burned Mr. Wilson recognized General Carranza as President of Mexico. But the trouble was not over. Day after day these outrages continue and Mr. Wilson sends notes of warning and Carranza promises to punish the guilty Mexicans. From January 23 to July 31, 1919, there were 61 outrages committed in the oil regions of Mexico. The most recent outrages is the case of William O. Jenkins, U. S. Consular Agent at Puebla, Mexico, who was kidnapped by bandits last October and whose friends had to pay $150,000 to get him away. Later he was arrested and put in a Mexican prison because Carranzistas said he helped the bandits to kidnap him. He is still held for trial and although Secretary Lansing has sent a lot of notes demanding his release Carranza seems to laugh at the matter. I just learned that two American oil men have been murdered by Mexicans near Tampico, which makes a total of nineteen to be murdered since April, 1917. And the first word to reach Washington about these last two murders came through private sources, our State Department, which should keep in touch with these matters at all times, not learning about them until afterward.

"So you see children, this Mexican situation is a disgrace to our country. If we had had a President who from the very first would have given Mexico to understand we would stand no nonsense, we could have avoided all this trouble and these terrible murders. As it is now the only hope is in the next President who will come into office in March of next year. So long as Woodrow Wilson, or men of his kind who are willing to take the easiest way, sit in the White House we can expect nothing but trouble from Mexico. For that reason, if for no other, every voter should cast his vote at the election in November for a man who has no connection with Mr. Wilson and a man who is a fighter and will make Mexico and every other country respect the Stars and Stripes and the country for which that great flag stands."

Do you hate to get up on cold mornings?

It's not hard if you have a Perfection Oil Heater.

Just light your Perfection when you wake up and sneak back under the covers for a few minutes while it drives away the chill.

Almost before you know it the room is warm and comfy.

Start the day with a smile instead of a shiver!

PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

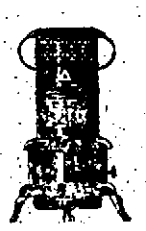
There's no "waiting" for a Perfection Oil Heater. It gives out full heat as soon as it is lighted and quickly warms up an ordinary sized room.

You'll be surprised too at the amount of coal it will save you *in addition* to the extra comfort it gives.

Easily carried from room to room. Smokeless, odorless and absolutely safe. You *can't* turn the wick too high.

There is a Perfection dealer near you.

Rayo Lamps
Your eyes won't tire with a Rayo Lamp. It's mellow light brightens the home without glare.



TEN hours of comforting heat with a Perfection Oil Heater and one gallon of Atlantic Rayolight Oil. Best for Rayo Lamps too. Costs no more than ordinary kerosene.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY
Philadelphia Pittsburgh

ATLANTIC Rayolight

MAGAZINES

February 1st, the subscription price of MOTOR goes to $6.00. Up to January 31. You can get it one year for $3.00.

May 1st, the subscription price of AMERICAN goes to $2.50. Up to April 30 you can get it one year for $2.00 or two years for $3.00.

February 1st the subscription price of COSMOPOLITAN goes to $3.00 per year. Up to January 31 you can get it for $2.00 per year.

Mrs. H. L. Backus' *Magazine Agency*
Phone 47R *SMETHPORT, PA.*

FOR SALE

One of the best building lots in Smethport is offered for sale at a reasonable price. Located at the corner of East Main and Pike streets. Plenty large enough for good-size dwelling. For additional particulars write, call or phone

MRS. H. L. BACKUS PHONE 47R SMETHPORT, PA.

For the LATEST SHEET MUSIC;
For the Available Latest VICTOR RECORDS;
For the Available VICTROLAS;
Call on:- Burdicks Music Store ----- Smethport, Pa

NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE THAT WIND STORM INSURANCE:
Rates very reasonable.
WE WRITE EVERY KIND OF INSURANCE
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Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

It's pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas areas.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.
Smethport, Pa.

Walk a Little Further
or shop by phone and Save Money
Best Groceries
staple - - fancy
W. C. Daly
Mechanic & Mill streets
Phone 92-J

CHARTER NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made by W. W. Parmeter, H. O. Wallen, John Wright, J. H. McNulty and others, to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 9th day of February, 1920, at 10 a.m., under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled: "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved the 29th day of April, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a charter for an intended corporation, to be called The Wright Oil Company, the character and object of which is the drilling and operating for oil and gas, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy, all the rights, benefits and privileges, by said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto conferred.

H. O. WALLEN,
Secretary

adv2w3

The MINER at $2.00 per year keeps you informed of all home and county news.

MILLINERY FOR ALL

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offering or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are ever ready to fill your desires in the line of seasonable millinery.

CARRIE CLARK.

adv4t.

FOR RENT

Room for one car in private garage. Call or phone.

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Mrs. Harry L. Backus.

THERE IS FOOD

for thought in the fact that all of our used cars but one have been sold. It is a six cylinder, five-passenger, Studebaker touring car in good condition, with five good tires. We will sell at a bargain in order to clean up. Ask for a demonstration.

SMETHPORT GARAGE COMPANY

35tf.

DRAYING AND HAULING

Hauling Freight and trunks, garbage removed etc., at reasonable rates.

PAUL SCHOONMAKER.

Bell phone 36R. adv37tf.

Mrs. Bowen Tells How Rats Almost Burned Her House Down.

"For two months I never went in our cellar, fearing a rat. One night in bed in bed I smelled fire. Sure enough the rat had been nibbling at the matches. If I hadn't acted promptly my house would have been burned. Later we found the dead rat. RAT-SNAP killed it. It's great stuff." Three sizes, 25c, 50, $1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Lindholm's Grocery, Carlick's Hardware and the Hogarth Pharmacy.

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.
ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager.

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Thursday, January 22, 1920

The community house project is a widely discussed topic in Smethport at the present time and this interest is encouraging as there is a marked sentiment in favor of settling the matter at the earliest possible date. While various plans are discussed the opinion seems to prevail that a community house should be large enough to accommodate public meetings and entertainments, as well as a library, reading rooms gymnasium and possibly in connection with the latter a swimming pool. Various groups of persons have various ideas, but the tendency seems to be to get together and discuss the sort of an establishment that will provide the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number. Then the important matter of financing the institution will be taken up. The marked interest shown in the project by citizens in general would indicate that the final decision will be in favor of a community house that will not only reflect great credit on the town in its present size, but will be large enough to fulfill the purposes for which it is intended should the town grow to twice its present size—which is the mark set by the Conopus Club. It is a matter in which every man, woman and child in the community should take an interest and never neglect an opportunity to boost along the plan.

AN INSULT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The Republican Public Association, through its President, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., today gave out the following statement from its Washington headquarters:

Writing in the New York Times of January 4, Isaac F. Marcosson says of the peace treaty at the time of the President's return from Europe, "Despite the disappointment over President Wilson's personal performance there was still hope that the nation which sent him abroad would back him up.

But the nation did not send him abroad. He took himself abroad, in violation of all precedent, and against the judgment of both his political friends and his political opponents. Moreover, he had but a few weeks before, delivered an address to the people of the country on the eve of an election in which he said:

"The return of a Republican majority to either House of Congress would, moreover, certainly be interpreted on the other side of the water as a repudiation of my leadership. * * * If you have approved of my leadership and wish me to continue to be your unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad, I earnestly beg that you will express yourselves unmistakably to that effect by returning a Democratic majority to both the Senate and the House of Representatives."

After making that appeal, President Wilson assured the people that he would accept their verdict 'without cavil.'

The result was the substitution of a Republican for a Democratic majority in both houses—a direct and unmistakable repudiation of the President's leadership.

How, then, can any intellectually honest man say that the American people sent Woodrow Wilson to Europe to speak for them at the peace conference? By every means in their power, the people told him not to speak for them. Can Mr. Marcosson conceive of any other manner in which the people could have expressed themselves?

And yet he has the effrontry to say "Europe had every right to assume that once our good name was affixed to the treaty, that name would not be repudiated." An insult to the intelligence of the American people as well as to the intelligence of the representatives of European nations at Paris. There is not a school boy in America and there was not a peace delegate at the conference but knows that the name of this country cannot be affxed to any treaty without the advice and consent of the Senate. To accuse his nation of "repudiating" its good name is an offense for which Mr. Marcosson should be called to account before the bar of public opinion, if nowhere else. It is upon such talk that bolshevism feeds. If Mr. Marcosson can accuse his country of repudiating its good name why cannot the bearer of a Red Flag do the same with impunity? If the people of this country take the President at his word and repudiate his leadership by their votes at a national election, and then Mr. Marcosson can be permitted to proclaim that the people sent Mr. Wilson to Europe as their spokesman, why cannot the Red agitator with equal impunity declare that every victory for law and order is in reality an endorsement of the campaign of lawlessness? One would be just as true as the other, and Mr. Marcosson knows it.

To say that this nation sent Mr. Wilson to Europe, to say that the good name of this nation was signed to the peace treaty, or to say that this nation has repudiated its name, is false, and any man who makes the statements is a menace to orderly constitutional government in the United States. He is a besmircher of the good name of the nation under the protection of whose flag he lives.

To find fault is usually a display of ignorance—to criticise justly is an element of progress. During the present crisis of paper shortage, we received from the U. S. Treasury Department, a disinteresting, 14-page treatise on "How Uncle Sam's Girl Detectives Help Former Service Men," a wonderful (?) explanation of how the index clerks use their files. Here are seven letter-size sheets of bond paper filled with slush that tries to make wonderful sleuths out of clerks who ten to one, haven't anything over half the postmasters in the country for decipering faulty addresses, etc. If this missive was sent to all of the newspapers, think of the waste some mutton-head puts over on the people! It's a shame. If the trashy stuff must be put out, it could all have been set in newspaper size type, instead of wide-spaced typewriter type, on a couple of sheets of manila paper, and thus not overcrowd the wastebasket. In the face of such wastefulness, is it any wonder paper is high priced? If this was an exception, it would have passed unnoticed, but it seems to be a general rule of the governmental officials to profligate those epistles and thus make the wastebasket the most handy receptical in the sanctum-sanctorium.—Eldred Eagle.

THE HIGH COST OF POLITICS

The high cost of living will receive another boost if the Democratic national committee carries out its plan to raise a fund of $20,000,000 for this year's presidential campaign. The chairman and treasurer of the committee have been talking freely about their plans for a nation-wide drive for subscriptions. Red Cross and university fund drive methods are to be introduced and the humble five or 10 dollar bill is to be pursued by collectors, who formerly would have disdained checks for anything less than a thousand dollars.

Thomas F. Ryan admitted having contributed half a million or so to the Alton B. Parker campaign fund in 1904. He probably furnished more than 50 per cent. of the sinews of war for that disastrous venture. But campaigners in those days were relatively simple and frugal affairs. Little money was spent on organization or advertising. The "spellbinder" was supposed to be the real vote getter and he worked on a very limited drawing account.

At present public opinion is naturally skeptical as to Mr. Cummings' ability to touch the Democratic faithful for $20,000,000. For what purpose? Merely to elect another Democratic President. If he succeeds he will certainly vindicate the contention of those who say that the American public has reached a stage of bewilderment at which it "ignores price," and is no longer competent to recognize a relationship between the value of what it purchases and the money paid out for it.—New York Tribune.

A pleasing growth in the circulation of the MINER has been manifested since the first of the year. This is especially gratifying as this paper has made no solicitation whatever for new subscribers, the advancing cost of print paper making it inadvisable to make any reduction in subscription price to secure new subscribers. The MINER is sincerely grateful for increased patronage and will constantly endeavor to give all its readers their money's worth.

In deciding to withdraw and let the Russians settle their own political affairs, the allies have acted upon the experience every individual gets when he meddles with family disputes.

Vic Berger declares that he will carry the Socialist oag either to Congress or to prison. Here's luck to you, Vic since Congress has turned you down for the second time you are sure headed in the right direction for prison.

FOR NATIONAL DELEGATE

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for delegate to the Republican National Convention, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held May 18, 1920.

A. H. GAFFNEY.

Kane, Pa., December 13, 1919.

FOR NATIONAL DELEGATE

The MINER is authorized to announce the candidacy of Harry B. Scott, Philipsburg, Centre County as delegate to the Republican National Convention, subject to the rules of the Republican primaries, to be held on May 18, 1920.

FOR NATIONAL DELEGATE

Editor McKean County Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for delegate to the National Republican Convention to be held in Chicago, June 8, 1920, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries May 18, 1920.

MELLVILLE GILLETT.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 1, 1920.

ALCOHOL FUEL OF FUTURE

The fuel of the future seems likely to be alcohol. And the very near future at that.

As Prof. Alexander Graham Bell said the other day, "No sooner has King Alcohol gone out the back door as a beverage than he enters the front door in triumph as a fuel."

Important beginnings in this direction have already been made. Experimental alcohol engines have been built, and have proved highly satisfactory. Automobiles can be run by alcohol perfectly well, with slight modification of their machinery.

The technologic branch of the United States Geologic Survey has recently tested a slightly modified gasoline engine, with alcohol as fuel, and has obtained some highly interesting results. The alcohol proved to possess a fuel efficiency equal to that of gasoline—rather a paradox, one might say, inasmuch as it has only half the heating value. But this is explained by the fact that its combustion is far more complete, so that it yields as much power as does gasoline.

In the government tests the fluid fuel (whether alcohol or gasoline) was supplied from a glass tank placed on a weighing scales. An index on a dial showed the quantity consumed, and another automatic contrivance measured the amount of power delivered.

Alcohol is an ideal fuel. Its combustion is perfect, and it is therefore, smokeless. In burning, it resolves itself into water and carbonic acid, exactly as it does when chemically consumed in the human body.

Before long all our warships will be driven by alcohol, which will take the place of fuel oil, just as the latter has replaced coal. Already experimental alcohol engines have been constructed for naval vessels.

It is equally certain that all merchant steamships will be propelled by alcohol. The convenience thus to be gained is obvious, as well as the economy. For naval and commercial use, fuel stations are scattered all over the world. Their supplies of coal or oil are fetched usually from great distances, and at such expense that the prices charged are extremely high.

How different it will be when alcohol takes the place of oil and coal. It can be made on the spot, from raw materials right at hand, or can at least be manufactured somewhere not very far away. At every port it will be stored in huge tanks, and an arriving ship, wanting fuel, will need only a pipe connection to fill up.

Alcohol will go steadily down in price as methods of making it are improved. Already it is sold in Cuba at 8 cents a gallon. In tropical countries it can be produced with special cheapness because of their luxuriant vegetation. Anything of a vegetable nature can be made to yield alcohol.

In our own country alcohol will become one of the most important farm produces. A still with a capacity of hundreds of gallons a day can be built for $500, the apparatus being so simple that alcohol can be turned out as easily as cider from a cider press. One such plant will consume all of the farm waste within a radius of a couple of miles—cornstalks and corncobs, frost-bitten potatoes, rotten apples, etc. It may even handle all the neighborhood garbage. Laws will require the admixture of a certain percentage of a "denaturing" agent.

Professor Bell says: "The world's annual consumption of coal and oil is so enormous that we are now within measurable distance of the end of the supply."

As for its utilization for power, it is simply a matter of suitably modifying machinery. Oil will steadily advance in price, as well as coal, and thus inevitably must soon arrive the drawing of the age of alcohol.

SHOES

Always find them here and for all members of the family. If it's footwear you're after you do not have to go out of this store to fill your needs.

You have many years of experience at your disposal when you trade here. We know shoes.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

SAVE

A dollar by equiping your hands and feet with boots, shoes & gloves from our new stock just arrived.

We have a large supply of choice Northern Spies.

Large supply of nuts and candies for the holidays.

Have you seen our Wm. Rogers Silverware and how you can get some? Come in and let us explain!

Lilly of the Valley canned vegetables in glass jars? They are paramount.

The Lindholm Grocery,

Telephone 16-M.

CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

If you are after the just—a—little—better in the line of eatables this store can generally satisfy you. "Choice Groceries" means more than a phrase here and it is the constant endeavor to supply customers with the best.

We call especial attention to our lines of preserved eatables during winter days when fresh fruits and vegetables are high in price and hard to get.

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

ALWAYS READY

to fill your needs in soaps, toilet articles, perfumes, stationery, and in a hundred other ways.

The drug department is completely stocked and prescriptions are carefully compounded.

H. C. WELLS

Drug Store.

The Miner $2 per year

Masser Brothers Co.

THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149

Our store will be closed at noon Monday, January 19th, on account of Patriotic Service that day.

BOYS' HIGH TOP SHOES

Heavy tan double sole, these are the very best sewed and nailed high top, two buckle shoes in soft and waxed leather.

9 to 12—$3.50 12 1-2 to 2—$4.00 2 1-2 to 6—$4.50

These prices are last year's and mean a big saving on shoes.

Other styles in button and lace. Black, brown and tan up to $5.50 a pair.

Children's pure gum boots, 6 to 12 1-2 for $1.50 a pair.

WOMEN'S SHOE SPECIAL

Value at today's prices—$6.00 to $8.00 for $3.00 to $4.00; sizes to 4 1-2 only

McKean County Miner

Thursday, January 22, 1920.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Mrs. Pauline Oman of Olean spent Sunday with relatives in town.

—Miss Marie Purtle spent the week end with friends in Olean, N. Y.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer will entertain the Auction Bridge Club today at a 1 o'clock luncheon at her home on Main street.

—Last week, Wednesday, Mrs. Guy McCoy entertained the Auction Bridge Club at a 6 o'clock luncheon at her home on Union street.

—A card from C. W. Masser, who is sojourning at Cambridge Springs, says that he is enjoying a needed rest at that famous resort.

—Mr. and Mrs. Earl Chase and son of Kane, were guests of Mr. Chase's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Chase of East Main street this week.

—James Brennan of Salamanca, N. Y., was a recent guest of Superintendent C. O. Taylor and family at the County Home.

—Charles Coleman of Eldred, aged 24 years, died last Thursday at the County Home. His remains were taken to Eldred for burial.

—Walter C. Daly has been confined to his home on Mechanic street for the past few days, suffering with lumbago.

—Dudley S. Day has purchased the William J. Johnson property on the corner of Main and Nelson streets. Consideration, $1,750.

—Mrs. F. A. Green had the misfortune last Thursday to badly injure the third finger on her left hand by having it caught in a door. Dr. Hamilton dressed the injury.

—Mrs. James Connington, who had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Green, for the past month, left for her home in Mantua, N. J., last Friday.

—The composing room equipment of the Boys' Magazine is being moved to the store room in the Central block recently leased to relieve crowded conditions in the main plant.

—D. T. Garlick who has been a patient in a sanitorium at Hornell, N. Y. receiving treatment for rheumatism, is much improved and expects to return to his home in this place the latter part of the week.

—Reports from our esteemed townsman, H. W. Rubin, who is undergoing treatment in the Homeopathic Hospital in Buffalo, are of an encouraging nature, and give promise of the patient's being able to return to his home here within a short time.

Watch Our Windows For Big

Saturday "Specials"

B. T. GARLICK

"The Corner Hardware."

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Walker and daughter, Edna, who have been staying at Saranac Lake, N. Y., for the past few months, will return to their home in this place the last of the week.

—C. H. Burlingame of Erie was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday. "Cliff" was called to this vicinity by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. H. L. Burlingame of Kasson, and reports that her condition is not at all encouraging at present.

—W. G. Russell, circulation manager of the Olean Evening Herald was in town this week looking after the interests of his paper. Mr. Russell reports that the Herald is growing rapidly in size, circulation and equipment.

—The two buildings of the Buffalo Evening Times were burned Saturday, with a loss of $500,000. The newspaper, of which Norman E. Mack, member of the Democratic National committee, is publisher, will be issued temporarily from the plants of two other evening papers.

—Mrs. E. E. Buell of Bradford, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. delighted her audience last Tuesday evening, in her splendid rendering of "The Melting Pot," the only regretable feature was the inclement weather, which kept away many who otherwise would have enjoyed the entertainment.

—A meeting of the Equal Franchise League is called for next Wednesday night, January 28, at 8:15 o'clock at St. Luke's Parish Home. The League will meet and disband because their work is finished. They will then organize a league of Women Citizens. All women are invited to attend this meeting.

—The advancing price of crude oil is causing corresponding jumps in the price of gasoline which is liable to mount to unheard of heights before the motoring season opens next spring. Crude oil has increased 75 cents a barrel within two months. This is about 2 cents a gallon or exactly the same increase as that made in crude oil.

Wilma, Baumback, eminent Swedish lecturer and vocalist, will give an illustrated lecture at the Star Theater Friday evening, January 23, for the benefit of the Swedish Lutheran Church. Mme. Baumback will deliver her entertaining lecture in English, and her discourse will be accompanied by interesting pictures. No one can afford to miss this rare treat.

—Mr. and Mrs. Glenn O. Chase of Olean are visiting relatives in Smethport and East Smethport this week.

—Remember that the first number of the Smethport entertainment is Peter MacQueen, the famous lecturer, who will speak at the Baptist Church next Thursday evening, January 29. Season tickets good for four entertainments are $1.00 each. Single admission tickets 50 cents each.

—That rare and dangerous malady, the sleeping sickness, is believed to have a victim in Bradford. The patient is Miss Beulah Leasure, a young woman now in the Bradford hospital. The physicians attending Miss Leasure have not announced a final diagnosis, but they have stated that all her symptoms indicate sleeping sickness. If Miss Leasure's malady proves definitely to be what the doctor fear, it will be the second case of sleeping sickness in the history of the Bradford hospital. The first patient, also a young woman, was confined to the hospital for 11 weeks, about a year ago, but recovered.

STAR

SMETHPORT, PA.

PHOTO PLAYS
Week of January 26th to January 31st, 1920.

Monday, January 26th
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG,
In "MAGDA."
Tuesday, January 27th
NAZIMOVA,
In "THE RED LANTERN"
Wednesday, January 28th
UNIVERSAL FEATURE PICTURE
Thursday, January 29th
"HONOR OF HIS HOUSE"
Friday, January 30th
THE DOLLIE SISTERS,
In "THE MILLION DOLLAR DOLLIES"
Saturday Miss DULCIE from DIXIE
January 31st—BIG V COMEDY

FIRST SHOW AT 7:15 P. M.
DOOR OPENS AT 7 P. M.

—Fire of unknown origin totally destroyed the livery barn adjoining the Imperial Hotel, early Friday morning at Shinglehouse. Six horses and five pigs were burned to death and large quantities of hay and grain, harness, blankets, two buggies and all of the office equipment were destroyed. The property is owned by James Hogan, proprietor of the hotel. The damage is estimated at $5,000.

—The state game commission at the annual session last week discussed plans for laying out fifteen additional game preserves. It was agreed that seven of these shall be obtained by purchase. Providing men can be obtained to lay out the sanctuaries. Two of these will be in Elk county and one each in Warren, Jefferson, Center, Chester and Lycoming counties. Each preserve will contain from 5,000 to 7,000 acres and the land will be purchased out of funds obtained from the hunters' licenses. If arrangements can be made with the Forestry Department for other tracts they will be laid out in Cumberland, Pike and Huntingdon counties. Another tract will be located at the junction of Clearfield, Elk, Cameron, Clinton and Center counties.

—Lieut. I. A. Avery, U. S. M. C., who is now assigned to the Pittsburgh recruiting district, and was in Smethport Monday to confer the Croix de Guerre upon Norman Simpkins, has been in the Marine service for thirteen years, and says that four months would cover all the time he has spent in the United States since his enlistment in the service. Just now he is assigned to "home" work, and says that the presentation Monday was the eighth affair of its kind in which he has officiated recently. He said that there were more people present at the meeting Monday than at any of the other decorating ceremonies in which he participated.

Mrs. Alford Bush was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

BAN WOOD ALCOHOL

Harrisburg, Pa., January 19.—After today use of any preparation containing wood alcohol on the human body either external or internal, will be banned in the state.

The state department of health announced the embargo.

Investigators have been working over the state examining the stocks of stores selling preparations believed to contain wood alcohol for which affidavits have not been filed with the health department. The department has prepared a list of preparations which have been approved and can be sold and this is being sent to every drug store, manufacturer and distributor in the state. The preparations which can be sold not to contain wood alcohol, but a small amount of pure or denatured alcohol approved for medicinal purposes.

St. Luke's choir will have a rehearsal on Friday night at 8 o'clock. The Junior choir will meet for rehearsal on Friday evening at 5:45.

—SMETHPORT FOLKS

Can get the latest

ASSOCIATED PRESS NEWS

of the World

Delivered every evening

Order from the carrier.

It will be—

Agreeable News

to hear that we are offering

THIS WEEK ONLY

$2.50, $3.00 and $3.50

Gray and Khaki Color

Flannel Shirts

at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00

The quantity is limited, therefore, call early.

50c

is worth saving!!

Wm. Monheimer

Smethport

Pictorial Patterns. Arrow Shirts.

THE FRY COMPANY

January Money Savers

January 22 to 31

Midwinter merchandise considerably under present market values.

Blankets, $3.50 to $11.75
Men's Outing Flannel Night Shirts, $1.19
Men's Best Muslin Night Shirts, $1.50
Men's Sweaters, $2.50 to $9.75
Women's Sweaters, $2.50 to $9.75
Women's Coats, $11.50 to $25.00
Men's Heavy Fleeced Underwear, $1.25
Men's Flannel Shirts, $1.60 to $3.50
Men's Heavy Wool Sox, 75c to $1.00

UNDERWEAR FOR ALL AGES.

Silverware Advanced

13 Per Cent

Friday and Saturday of this week only

All Silver-plated Ware at 15 per cent Reduction

This means a saving of 28 per cent

J. M. WIANT,

Jeweler and Optometrist

The Home of Quality Smethport, Pa.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

At close of business December 31, 1919.

RESOURCES

Loans	$1,112,667.38
Stocks and Bonds	242,462.39
Reserve Bonds	118,750.00
Banking House	20,000.00
Cash and Due From Banks	187,050.25
	1,680,930.02

LIABILITIES

Capital	$200,000.00
Surplus	200,000.00
Undivided Profits	14,392.41
Deposits	1,266 537.61
	1,680,930.02

"THE BANK THAT TAKES CARE OF ITS CUSTOMERS"

May Your New Year be HAPPY PROSPEROUS

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK

SMETHPORT, PA.

The Wonders of America

By T. T. MAXEY

THE GRAND CANYON IN ARIZONA.

THE late George Fitch said "Arizona was made by nature in a frivolous and contradictory mood, a few million years ago, just to show man: when he arrived, what she could do when she felt like it."

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River—the most wonderful geological and spectacular phenomenon known to man—is in Arizona. Discovered by Spanish explorers in 1540, it has been an object of wonder and admiration ever since. In approaching it your first surprise is that you are not prepared for it. Its beginning is so very abrupt. In one jump from the edge you could go down 2,000 feet.

Viewed from the rim, looking down, it is a stupendous panorama—an unbelievable abyss, 3,000 to 5,000 feet deep, 10 to 13 miles wide and 200 miles long. Its sides are lined with countless and varied ornamental architectural features, the whole beautifully tinted and colored and marvelously harmonious. Seen from the bottom, looking up, it is so big that it amazes and bewilders one. On every side are endless processions of caves, terraces, pinnacles, towers, buttes, cliffs and peaks—storm-carved and weather-stained—many of them higher than any mountain east of the Rockies, yet none of them level with the top. Globe trotters say that nothing else in all the world even remotely approaches this spectacle.

The color combination seems to shift with every movement of the sun, clouds or your position. There is a trail to the bottom and a road around the rim.

Aegean Islands.

The Aegean Islands are Thasos, in the extreme north, off the Macedonian coast; Samothrace, Imbros, and Lemnos, near the Dardanelles; Euboea, the largest of all, lying close along the east coast of the Greek peninsula; the northern Sporades, including Skiathos, Skopelos, and Skyros, near Euboea; Lesbos, Chios, Samos, and the large group of other Sporades, such as Rhodes, Cos, and Patmos, adjacent to the coast of Asia Minor; and, finally the large group, the Cyclades, extending southward from Euboea toward Crete and including Andros, Delos, Naxos, Paros and Melos.—Literary Digest.

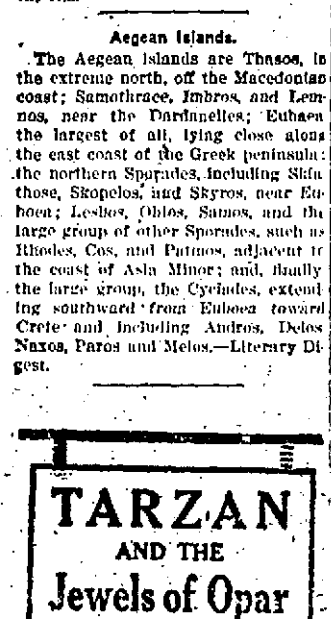
TARZAN AND THE Jewels of Opar

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Author of "Tarzan of the Apes" "Son of Tarzan"

© by George Bale & Sons, Ltd. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Within the village Werper passed hurriedly toward the silken tent of Achmet Zek. The Arab arose as his



"What Has Happened?" He Asked.

lieutenant entered. His face showed surprise as he viewed the tattered apparel of the Belgian.

"What has happened?" he asked.

Werper narrated all, save the little matter of the pouch of gems which were now tightly strapped about his waist, beneath his clothing. The Arab's eyes narrowed greedily as his henchman described the treasure that the Waziri had buried beside the ruins of the Greystoke bungalow.

"It will be a simple matter now to return and get it," said Achmet Zek. "First we will await the coming of the rash Waziri, and after we have slain them we may take our time to get the treasure—none will disturb it where it lies, for we have left none alive who knows of its existence."

"And the woman?" asked Werper.

"I shall sell her in the north," replied the raider. "It is the only way now. She should bring a good price."

The Belgian nodded. He was thinking rapidly. If he could persuade Achmet Zek to send him in command of the party which took Lady Greystoke north it would give him the opportunity he craved to make his escape from his chief. He would forego a share of the gold if he could but get away unscathed with the jewels.

"Who will go north with the woman," he asked, "while we are returning for the gold that the Waziri buried by the bungalow of the Englishman?"

Achmet Zek thought for a moment. The buried gold was of much greater value than the price the woman would bring. It was necessary to rid himself of her as quickly as possible and it was also well to obtain the gold with the least possible delay. Of all his followers the Belgian was the most logical lieutenant to entrust with the command of one of the parties. An Arab, as familiar with the trails and tribes as Achmet Zek himself, might collect the woman's price and make good his escape into the far north. Werper, on the other hand, could scarce make his escape alone through a country hostile to Europeans, while the men he would send with the Belgian could be carefully selected with a view to preventing Werper from persuading any considerable portion of his command to accompany him should he contemplate desertion of his chief.

At last the Arab spoke: "It is not necessary that we both return for the gold. You shall go north with the woman, carrying a letter to a friend of mine who is always in touch with the best markets for such merchandise, while I return for the gold. We can meet again here when our business is concluded."

Werper could scarce disguise the joy with which he received this welcome decision. And that he did entirely disguise it from the keen and suspicious eyes of Achmet Zek is open to question. However, the decision reached, the Arab and his lieutenant discussed the details of their forthcoming ventures for a short time further, when Werper made his excuses and returned to his own tent for the comforts and luxury of a long-desired bath and shave.

Having bathed, the Belgian tied a small hand mirror to a cord sewn to the rear wall of his tent, placed a rude chair beside an equally rude table that stood beside the glass and proceeded to remove the rough stubble from his face.

In the catalogue of masculine pleasures there is scarce one which imparts a feeling of greater comfort and refreshment than follows a clean shave, and now, with weariness temporarily banished, Albert Werper sprawled in his rickety chair to enjoy a final cigarette before retiring. His thumbs, tucked in his belt in lazy support of the weight of his arms, touched the belt which held the jewel pouch about his waist. He tingled with excitement as he let his mind dwell upon the value of the treasure, which, unknown to all save himself, lay hid beneath his clothing.

He unfastened the belt and drew the pouch from its hiding place. He was alone. The balance of the camp, save the sentries, had retired—none would enter the Belgian's tent. He hefted the bag, first in one palm, then in the other, and at last he wheeled his chair slowly around before the table, and in the rays of his small lamp let the glittering gems roll out upon the rough wood.

The refulgent rays transformed the interior of the soiled and squalid canvas to the splendor of a palace, in the eyes of the dreaming man. He dreamed of joys and luxuries and power which always had been beyond his grasp, and as he dreamed his gaze lifted from the table, as the gaze of a dreamer will, to a far distant goal above the mean horizon of terrestrial commonplaceness.

Unseeing, his eyes rested upon the shaving mirror which hung upon the mud wall above the table; but his sight was focused far beyond. And then a reflection moved within the polished surface of the tiny glass, the man's eyes shot back out of space to the mirror's face, and in it saw reflected the grim visage of Achmet Zek, framed in the flaps of the tent doorway behind him.

Werper stifled a gasp of dismay. With rare self-possession he let his gaze drop without appearing to have halted upon the mirror, until it rested again upon the gems. Without haste, he replaced them in the pouch, tucked the latter into his shirt, selected a cigarette from his case, lighted it and rose. Yawning, and stretching his arms above his head, he turned slowly toward the opposite end of the tent. The face of Achmet Zek had disappeared from the opening.

To say that Albert Werper was terrified would be putting it mildly. He realized that he not only had sacrificed his treasure; but his life as well. Achmet Zek would never permit the wealth that he had discovered to slip through his fingers, nor would he forgive the duplicity of a lieutenant who had gained possession of such a treasure without offering to share it with his chief.

Slowly the Belgian prepared for bed. If he were being watched, he could not know; but if so the watcher saw no indication of the nervous excitement which the European strove to conceal. When ready for his blankets, the man crossed to the little table and extinguished the light.

It was two hours later that the flaps at the front of the tent separated silently and gave entrance to a dark-robed figure, which passed noiselessly from the darkness without to the darkness within. Cautiously the prowler crossed the interior. In one hand was a long knife. He came at last to the pile of blankets spread upon several rugs close to one of the tent walls.

Lightly, his fingers sought and found the bulk beneath the blankets—the bulk that should be Albert Werper. They traced out the figure of a man, and then an arm shot upward, poised

Again and Again It Rose and Fell.

for an instant and descended. Again and again it rose and fell, and each time the long blade of the knife buried itself in the thing beneath the blankets. But there was an initial lifelessness in the silent bulk that gave the assassin momentary wonder. Feverishly he threw back the coverlets and searched with nervous hands for the pouch of jewels which he expected to find concealed upon his victim's body.

An instant later he rose with a curse upon his lips. It was Achmet Zek, and he cursed because he had discovered beneath the blankets of his lieutenant only a pile of discarded clothing arranged in the form and semblance of a sleeping man—Albert Werper had fled.

Out into the village ran the chief calling in angry tones to the sleepy Arabs, who tumbled from their tents in answer to his voice. But though they searched the village again and again they found no trace of the Belgian. Foaming with anger, Achmet Zek called his followers to horse, and though the night was pitchy black they set out to scour the adjoining forest for their quarry.

As they galloped from the open gates, Mugambi, hiding in a near-by bush, slipped, unseen, within the palisade. In the darkness he passed, unchallenged, and for an hour he crept about in the rear of the various huts and tents in an effort to locate that in which his master's mate was imprisoned. One there was which he was reasonably assured contained her, for it was the only hut before the door of which a sentry had been posted. Mugambi was crouching in the shadow of this structure, just around the corner from the unsuspecting guard, when another approached to relieve his comrade.

"The prisoner is safe within?" asked the newcomer.

"She is," replied the other, "for none has passed this doorway since I came."

The new sentry squatted beside the door, while he whom he had relieved made his way to his own hut. Mugambi slunk closer to the corner of the building. In one powerful hand he gripped a heavy knob-stick. No sign of elation disturbed his phlegmatic calm, yet inwardly he was aroused to joy by the proof he had just had that "Lady" really was within.

The sentry's back was toward the corner of the hut which hid the giant black. The fellow did not see the huge form which silently loomed behind him. The knob-stick swung upward in a curve, and downward again. There was the sound of a dull thud, the crushing of heavy bone, and the sentry slumped into a silent, inanimate lump of clay.

A moment later Mugambi was searching the interior of the hut. At first slowly calling "Lady!" in a low whisper and finally with almost frantic haste until the truth presently dawned upon him—the hut was empty!

CHAPTER IX.

Tarzan Becomes a Beast Again.

For a moment Werper had stood above the sleeping ape-man his murderous knife poised for the fatal thrust; but fear stayed his hand. What if the first blow should fail to drive the point to his victim's heart? Werper shuddered in contemplation of the disastrous consequences to himself.

Again came the soft sound of padded footsteps in the reeds—closer this time. He abandoned his design. Before him stretched the wide plain and escape. The jewels were in his possession. To remain longer was to risk death at the hands of Tarzan, or the jaws of the hunter creeping ever nearer. Turning, he slunk away through the night, toward the distant forest.

Tarzan slept on. Where were those uncanny guardian powers that had formerly rendered him immune from the dangers of surprise? Could this one sleeper be the alert, sensitive Tarzan of old?

Perhaps the blow upon his head had numbed his senses temporarily—who may say? Closer crept the stealthy creature through the reeds. The rustling curtain of vegetation parted a few paces from where the sleeper lay, and the massive head of a lion appeared.

It was the beating of the beast's tail against the reeds which awakened Tarzan. Jungle folk do not awaken slowly—instantly, full consciousness and full command of their every faculty returns to them from the depth of profound slumber.

Even as Tarzan opened his eyes he was upon his feet, his spear grasped firmly in his hand and ready for attack. Again was he Tarzan of the Apes, sentient, vigilant, ready.

Whether it was surprise, fear or caution which prompted the lion crouching ready to spring upon the man, is immaterial—the fact remains that he did not carry out his original design, he did not spring at the man at all, but, instead, wheeled and sprang back into the reeds as Tarzan arose and confronted him.

The ape-man shrugged his broad shoulders and looked about for his companion. Werper was nowhere to be seen. At first Tarzan was puzzled; but presently came to the conclusion that Werper had been frightened by the approach of the lion and had sneaked off in terror. A sneer touched Tarzan's lips as he pondered the man's act—the desertion of a comrade in time of danger, and without warning. Well, if that was the sort of creature Werper was, Tarzan wished nothing more of him. He had gone, and for all the ape-man cared, he might remain away—Tarzan would not search for him.

A hundred yards from where he stood grew a large tree, alone upon the edge of the reedy jungle. Tarzan made his way to it, clambered into it, and, finding a comfortable crotch among its branches, reposed himself for uninterrupted sleep until morning.

And when morning came Tarzan opened his eyes, stretched his giant thews, yawned, rose and gazed about him through the leafy foliage of his retreat. Across the wasted meadowlands and fields of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, Tarzan of the Apes looked, as a stranger, upon the moving figures of Basuli and his braves as they prepared their morning meal and made ready to set out upon the expedition which Basuli had planned after discovering the havoc and disaster which had befallen the estate of his dead master.

The ape-man eyed the blacks with curiosity. In the back of his brain loitered a fleeting sense of familiarity with all that he saw, yet he could not connect any of the various forms of life, animate and inanimate, which had fallen within the range of his vision since he had emerged from the darkness of the pits of Opar, with any particular event of the past.

He watched the blacks scatter their cook fire and depart; but though the face of each of them had but recently been as familiar to him as his own they awakened within him no recollections whatsoever.

When they had gone, he descended from the tree and sought food. A plump young zebra mare and a stallion grazed nearest to him as he neared the herd. It was instinct which selected the former for his meat. A low bush grew but a few yards from the unsuspecting two. The ape-man reached its shelter. He gathered his spear firmly in his grasp. Cautiously he drew his feet beneath him. In a single swift move he rose and cast his heavy weapon at the mare's side. Nor did he wait to note the effect of his assault, but leaped catlike after his spear his hunting knife in his hand.

For an instant the two animals stood motionless. The tearing of the cruel barb into her side brought a sudden scream of pain and fright from the mare, and then they both wheeled and broke for safety; but Tarzan of the Apes, for a distance of a few yards, could equal the speed of even these, and the first stride of the mare found her overhauled, with a savage beast at her shoulder. She turned, biting and kicking at her foe. Her mate hesitated for an instant, as though about to rush to her assistance; but a backward glance revealed to him the flying heels of the balance of the herd, and with a snort and a shake of his head he wheeled and dashed away.

Clinging with one hand to the short mane of his quarry, Tarzan struck again and again with his knife at the unprotected heart. The result had, from the first, been inevitable. The mare fought bravely, but hopelessly, and presently sank to the earth, her heart pierced. The ape-man placed a foot upon her carcass and raised his voice in the victory call of the Mangani.

Tarzan grasped his kill and dragged it to the partial seclusion of the bush which had hidden his own near approach, and there he squatted upon it, cut a huge hunk of flesh from the loin and proceeded to satisfy his hunger with the warm and dripping meat.

Attracted by the shrill screams of the mare a pair of hyenas slunk presently into view. They trotted to a point a few yards from the gorging ape-man and halted. Tarzan looked up, bared his fighting fangs and growled. The hyenas returned the compliment, and withdrew a couple of paces. They made no move to attack; but continued to sit at a respectful distance until Tarzan had concluded his meal. After the ape-man had cut a few strips from the carcass to carry with him, he walked slowly off in the direction of the river to quench his thirst. His way lay directly toward the hyenas, nor did he alter his course because of them.

With all the lordly majesty of Numa, the lion, he strode straight toward the growling beasts. For a moment they held their ground, bristling and defiant; but only for a moment, and then slunk away to one side while the indifferent ape-man passed them on his lordly way. A moment later they were tearing at the remains of the zebra.

At the river, Tarzan drank his fill and bathed. During the heat of the day he lay [illegible] the shade of a tree [illegible] longed [illegible] away, the spectacle of [illegible] from the body of Buto, hacked off a steak and vanished into the jungle. The episode was over. It had been all in the day's work—something which you and I might talk about for a lifetime Tarzan dismissed from his mind the moment that the scene passed from his sight.

Swinging back through the jungle in a wide circle the ape-man came to the river at another point, drank and took to the trees again and while he hunted, all oblivious of his past and careless of his future, there came through the dark jungles and the open, park-like places and across the wide meadows, where grazed the countless herbivora of the mysterious continent, a weird and terrible caravan in search of him. There were fifty frightful men with hairy bodies and gnarled and crooked legs. They were armed with knives and great bludgeons and at their head marched an almost naked woman, beautiful beyond compare. It was La of Opar, High Priestess of the Flaming God, and fifty of her horrid priests searching for the purloiner of the sacred sacrificial knife.

Never before had La passed beyond the crumbling outer walls of Opar; but never before had need been so insistent. The sacred knife was gone! Handed down through countless ages it had come to her as a heritage and an insignia of her religious office and regal authority from some long-dead progenitor of lost and forgotten Atlantis. When that continent, with all its mighty cities and its cultivated fields and great commerce and culture and riches sank into the sea long ages since, it took with it all but a handful of colonists working the vast gold mines of central Africa. From these and their degraded slaves and a later intermixture of the blood of the anthropoids sprung the gnarled men of Opar; but by some queer freak of fate, aided by natural selection, the old Atlantean strain had remained pure and undegraded in the females descended from a single princess of the royal house of Atlantis who had been in Opar at the time of the great catastrophe. Such was La.

Burning with white-hot anger was the high priestess, her heart a seething, molten mass of hatred for Tarzan of the Apes. The zeal of the religious fanatic whose altar has been desecrated was trebly enhanced by the rage of a woman scorned. Twice had she thrown her heart at the feet of the godlike ape-man and twice had she been repulsed. Before Tarzan came that first time to Opar, La had never seen a human male other than the grotesque and knotted men of her clan. With one of these she must mate sooner or later that the direct line of high priestesses might not be broken, unless fate should bring other men to Opar.

Among the legends of Opar were tales of godlike men of the olden time and of black men who had come more recently; but these latter had been enemies who killed and robbed. And, too, these legends always held forth the hope that some day that nameless continent from which their race had sprung would rise once more out of the sea and with slaves at the long sweeps would send her carven, gold-packed galleys forth to succor the long-exiled colonists.

The coming of Tarzan had aroused within La's breast the wild hope that at last the fulfillment of this ancient prophecy was at hand; but more strongly, still had it aroused the hot fires of love in a heart that never otherwise would have known the meaning of that all-consuming passion, for such a wondrous creature as La could never have felt love for any of the repulsive priests of Opar. Custom, duty and religious zeal might have commanded the union; but there could have been no love on La's part. She had grown to young womanhood a cold and heartless creature, daughter of a thousand other cold, heartless, beautiful women who had never known love. And so when love came to her it liberated all the pent passions of a thousand generations, transforming La into a pulsing, throbbing volcano of desire, and with desire thwarted this great force of love and gentleness and sacrifice was transmuted by its own fires into one of hatred and revenge.

It was in a state of mind superinduced by these conditions that La led forth her jabbering company to retrieve the sacred emblem of her high office and wreak vengeance upon the author of her wrongs. He should be tortured. His should be a slow and frightful death. His punishment should be adequate to the immensity of his crime. He had wrested the sacred knife from La; he had lain sacrilegious hands upon the High Priestess of the Flaming God; he had desecrated the altar and the temple. For these things he should die; but he had scorned the love of La, the woman, and for this he should die horribly with great anguish.

The march of La and her priests was not without its adventures. Unused were these to the ways of the jungle, since seldom did any venture forth from behind Opar's crumbling walls, yet their very numbers protect-

Tarzan Leaped Straight Into the Air.

launched it, Tarzan leaped straight into the air, alighting upon Buto's back, but escaping the mighty horn.

Then Buto espied the lions and bore madly down upon them while Tarzan of the Apes leaped nimbly into the tangled creepers at one side of the trail. The first lion met Buto's charge and was tossed high over the back of the maddened brute, torn and dying, and then the six remaining lions were upon the rhinoceros, rending and tearing the while they were being gored or trampled. From the safety of his perch Tarzan watched the battle royal with the keenest interest. For a time it seemed that Buto, the rhinoceros, would prove victor in the gory battle. Already had he accounted for four of the seven lions and badly wounded the three remaining when, in a temporary lull in the encounter, he sank limply to his knees and rolled over upon his side. Tarzan's spear had pierced the great lungs and Buto, with victory almost in sight, succumbed to internal hemorrhage.

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of them and so they came without fatalities far along the trail of Tu Lop and Werper. Three great apes accompanied them and to these was delegated the business of tracking the quarry, a feat beyond the senses of the Oparians. La commanded. She was a hard taskmaster, too, for she looked down with loathing and contempt upon the misshapen creatures amongst which cruel fate had thrown her and to some extent vented upon them her dissatisfaction and her thwarted love. She made them build her a strong protection and shelter each night and keep a great fire burning before it from dusk to dawn. When she tired of walking they were forced to carry her upon an improvised litter, nor did one dare to question her authority or her right to such services.

For many days they marched, the apes following the trail easily and going a little distance ahead of the body of the caravan that they might warn the others of impending danger. It was during a noonday halt while all were lying resting after a tiresome march that one of the apes rose suddenly and sniffed the breeze. In a low guttural he cautioned the others to silence and a moment later was swinging quietly up wind into the jungle. La and the priests gathered silently together, the hideous little men fingering their knives and bludgeons, and awaited the return of the shaggy anthropoid.

Nor had they long to wait before they saw him emerge from a leafy thicket and approach them. Straight to La he came and in the language of the great apes, which was also the language of dead-and-gone Opar, he addressed her.

"The great Tarmangani lies asleep there," he said, pointing in the direction from which he had just come. "Come and we can kill him."

"Do not kill him," commanded La in cold tones. "Bring the great Tarmangani to me alive and unhurt. The vengeance is La's. Go; but make no sound!" and she waved her hands to include all her followers.

Cautiously the weird party crept through the jungle in the wake of the great ape until at last he halted them with a raised hand and pointed upward a little ahead. There they saw the giant form of the ape-man stretched along a low bough and even in sleep one hand grasped a stout limb and one strong brown leg reached out and overlapped another. At ease lay Tarzan of the Apes, sleeping heavily upon a full stomach and dreaming of Numa, the lion, and Horta, the boar, and other creatures of the jungle. No intimation of danger assailed the dormant faculties of the ape-man—he saw no crouching hairy figures upon the ground beneath him nor the three apes that swung quietly into the tree beside him.

The first intimation of danger that came to Tarzan was the impact of three bodies as the three apes leaped upon him and hurled him to the ground, where he alighted half stunned beneath their combined weight, and was immediately set upon by the fifty hairy men or as many of them as could swarm upon his person. Instantly the ape-man became the center of a whirling, striking, biting maelstrom of horror. He fought nobly, but the odds against him were too great. Slowly they overcame him, though there was scarce one of them did not feel the weight of his mighty fist or the rending of his fangs.

CHAPTER X.

Condemned to Torture and Death.

La had followed her company and when she saw them clawing and biting at Tarzan she raised her voice and cautioned them not to kill him. She saw that he was weakening and that soon the greater numbers would prevail over him, nor had she long to wait before the mighty jungle creature lay helpless and bound at her feet.

"Bring him to the place at which we stopped," she commanded, and they carried Tarzan back to the little clearing and threw him down beneath a tree.

"Build me a shelter!" ordered La. "We shall stop here tonight and tomorrow in the face of the Flaming God La will offer up the heart of this defiler of the temple. Where is the sacred knife? Who took it from him?"

But no one had seen it and each was positive in his assurance that the sacrificial weapon had not been upon Tarzan's person when they captured him. The ape-man looked upon the menacing creatures which surrounded him and snarled his defiance. He looked upon La and smiled. In the face of death he was unafraid.

"Where is the knife?" La asked him.

"I do not know," replied Tarzan. "The man took it away with him when he slipped away during the night. Of what good was your knife, anyway? You can make another. Did you follow us all this way for nothing more than a knife? Let me go and find him and I will bring it back to you."

La laughed a bitter laugh, for in her heart she knew that Tarzan's sin was greater than the purloining of the sacred sacrificial knife of Opar; yet as she looked at him lying bound and helpless before her, tears rose to her eyes so that she had to turn away to hide them; but she remained inflexible in her determination to make him pay in frightful suffering and in eventual death for daring to spurn the love of La.

When the shelter was completed La had Tarzan transferred to it. "All night I shall torture him," she muttered to her priests, "and at the first streak of dawn you may prepare the flaming altar upon which his heart shall be offered up to the Flaming God."

During the balance of the day the priests of Opar were busy erecting an altar in the center of the clearing, and while they worked they chanted weird hymns in the ancient tongue of that lost continent that lies at the bottom of the Atlantic.

In the shelter of the hut La paced to and fro beside the stoic ape-man. Resigned to his fate was Tarzan. No hope of succor gleamed through the dead black of the death sentence hanging over him. He knew that his giant muscles could not part the many strands that bound his wrists and ankles, for he had strained often but ineffectually for release. He had no hope of outside help and only enemies surrounded him within the camp, and yet he smiled at La as she paced nervously back and forth the length of the shelter.

And La? She fingered her knife and looked down upon her captive. She

She Fingered Her Knife and Looked Down Upon Her Captive.

glared and muttered but she did not strike. "Tonight," she thought. "Tonight, when it is dark I will torture him." She looked upon his perfect, godlike figure and upon his handsome, smiling face and then she steeled her heart again by thoughts of her love spurned; by religious thoughts that damned the infidel who had desecrated the holy of holies; who had taken from the blood-stained altar of Opar the offering to the Flaming God—and not once but thrice. Three times had Tarzan cheated the god of her fathers. At the thought La paused and knelt at his side. In her hand was a sharp knife. She placed its point against the ape-man's side and pressed upon the hilt; but Tarzan only smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

How beautiful he was! La bent low over him, looking into his eyes. How perfect was his figure. She compared it with those of the gnarled and knotted men from whom she must choose a mate, and La shuddered at the thought. Dusk came, and after dusk came night. A great fire blazed within the little thorn boma about the camp. The flames played upon the new altar erected in the center of the clearing, arousing in the mind of the high priestess of the Flaming God a picture of the event of the coming dawn. She saw this giant and perfect form writhing amid the flames of the burning pyre. She saw those smiling lips, burned and blackened, falling away from the strong, white teeth. She saw the shock of black hair tousled upon Tarzan's well-shaped head disappear in a spurt of flame. She saw these and many other frightful pictures as she stood with closed eyes and clenched fists above the object of her hate—ah! was it hate that La of Opar felt?

The darkness of the jungle night had settled down upon the camp, relieved only by the fitful flarings of the fire that was kept up to warn off the man-eaters. Tarzan lay quietly in his bonds. He suffered from thirst and from the cutting of the tight strands about his wrists and ankles; but he made no complaint. A jungle beast was Tarzan, with the stoicism of the beast and the intelligence of man. He knew that his doom was sealed—that no supplications would avail to temper the severity of his end, and so he wasted no breath in pleadings, but waited patiently in the firm conviction that his sufferings could not endure forever.

In the darkness La stooped above him. In her hand was a sharp knife and in her mind the determination to initiate his torture without further delay. The knife was pressed against his side and La's face was close to his when a sudden burst of flame from new branches thrown upon the fire without lighted up the interior of the shelter. Close beneath her lips La saw the perfect features of the forest god and into her woman's heart welled all the great love she had felt for Tarzan since first she had seen him, and all the accumulated passion of the years that she had dreamed of him.

Dagger in hand, La, the high priestess, towered above the helpless creature that had dared to violate the sanctuary of her deity. There should be no torture—there should be instant death. A single stroke of the heavy blade and then the corpse to the flaming pyre without. The knife arm stiffened ready for the downward plunge, and then La, the woman, collapsed

(Continued next week.)

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PEARL WHALEN, N. G.
KATHERINE LEMMLER, Sec'y.

P. H. C.

Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. hall. PEARL WHALEN, Pres.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

P. of H.

Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.
FRANK GALLUP, M.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.
Meets 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 8 p. m. in I.O.O.F. hall.

Fannie Hopper, W. M.
Ed Deuke, W. P.
Mrs. Deuke, Sec'y.

U. S. Government Warns Farmers About Disease Caused by Rats

They carry the Bubonic plague, fatal to human beings. They carry foot and mouth disease, which is fatal to stock. They kill chickens, eat grain, cause destruction to property. If you have rats RAT-SNAP will kill them. Cremates rats after killing them—leaves no smell. Comes in cakes, ready for use. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Lindholm's grocery, Garlick's hardware and the Hegarth Pharmacy.

Saturday Special

$1.75

will buy one good heavy working shirt. They are worth a look and

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Buy a Home NOW

and you will undoubtedly save money on the purchase price. I have numerous properties listed at terms that cannot fail to interest prospective buyers. A few of them are mentioned as follows:

House and Lot, East Smethport, 8 rooms. Price $1000.

House and Lot, Willow street, Smethport. Price $900.

House and Lot, Water street, Smethport, $750.

House and Lot, East Smethport, $1,100.

Fine House and two Lots on Water street, Smethport, $1,800.

Eight rooms House, Willow street, Smethport, $2000.

Building Lots and attractive farm bargains also listed.

M. S. GEARY,
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
SMETHPORT

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

It has been decided by high authorities that the sophomores have resumed their freshness of former years, and it is hoped that they may soon learn to conduct themselves as ladies.

We are all looking forward to the Castai Cyclone to make its regular appearance on the front blackboard in Room B. Here's hoping the blows are not as severe as they have been, also that they are applied to the proper persons, for instance, the "editors" of this so-called nonsense. So take fair warning sophomores "If the shoe fits, put it on." Since it has been proven by actual experience of one particular sophomore that shoe too small are very uncomfortable.

Unquestionably, without a doubt this written material serves as a decoration to the front board and is enjoyed by those whom it does not concern, but, on the other hand it is the cause of many ill feelings. A little fun is enjoyed by all, but when an insignificant sophomore goes to extremes it is beyond a person's means to endure it.

Give ear, Oh impudent sophomore, "A word to the wise is sufficient. Before I would put anything on the board ..... about a junior or senior, I would see that I stood first in my own class. But then what can you expect from a conditional sophomore?

.....and ..... are brilliant little editors, their remarks are so brilliant and there is so much wit to them that a deaf and dumb person could cypher them with very little trouble whatsoever.

..... we thought you were a dignified junior; we hope you have not lost your dignity and are joining in with those dear little sophomores.

It is hoped that they may soon conduct themselves as ladies. Good luck to them. BILL AND BOB.

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CROSBY

Mrs. Frank Bloomster pleasantly entertained a number of ladies Friday afternoon at her home.

Miss Ereva Marsh is visiting in Olean.

Miss Velma Wilcox spent Friday night in Smethport.

The Crosby "Cubs" and "Hicks" played a good game of basket ball at the hall Saturday night. The Cubs being victorious with a score of 32 to 23.

Michael Ryan was a Port Allegany visitor this week.

Mrs. Freeman and daughter Helen were in Olean on business Friday night.

Misses Hattie Smith and Ada Searfoss attended the basket ball game in Smethport Friday night.

Rehearsals for the home talent play to be given by the D. of P. are going along fine, and from all reports, it is sure to be a good one.

Anthony Spadaforo spent Sunday in town the guest of Mary Smith.

Mr. A. L. Hulett, who has been seriously ill is now able to be out again.

The Sunday school classes of which Mrs. I. G. Wilcox and Mrs. J. Bloomster are teachers, started on a sleigh ride Saturday afternoon to Smethport, but were only able to get part way when they had to turn back, on account of the drifts of snow in the road.

Mrs. Michael McKeirnan was a Colegrove shopper on Friday last.

Miss Hannah Hanson was the guest of Mrs. Albert Cleveland Monday afternoon.

The Crosby Cubs expect to play with the Emporium team on the local floor in the near future.

Mr. Albert Cleveland was a business visitor in Eldred last week.

Mr. P. S. Curran was in town Tuesday last on business.

The Grange are having a Leap Year Pie Social at the hall Wednesday evening. The gentlemen furnish the pies and the ladies buy them. A dance will be held afterward.

GENERAL BELIEF IN HONESTY

Something Very Like the Millennium Seems to Be Near In Great British Metropolis.

How is the sudden trust Londoners have come to exhibit for each other to be accounted for? There is an extreme shortage of copper coins for small change in London, and one man says of his experiences: "On several occasions lately news vendors who have been unable to change silver have said to me, 'Never mind, pay me the next time you are this way.' Only one of them knew me as a regular customer. Even more unexpected credit than this was offered me at a railway booking office where I tendered a shilling for a twopenny fare. 'I'm short of coppers,' said the girl booking clerk, 'pay me tomorrow.' 'But I shall not be here tomorrow,' I replied. 'Then pay me the next time you are here, whenever it is,' she said. 'But supposing I forget,' I expostulated. 'Oh, I know that you will come and pay me some day,' she answered. 'I've never known people fail.'" Similar testimony is offered by others, who tell of copper credit thrust upon them by strangers, and often very poor and humble strangers.—London Mail.

Museum of Plants.

In the United States botanic garden in the national capital, one may see all the flowers from all parts of the earth, as well as every tree from every part of this great globe. There are interesting legends concerning trees that are found there. Eminent men in the course of the history of the institution planted trees there.

Charles A. Dana, the great editor, carried an acorn from the grave of Confucius and planted it there. One will find a beautiful acacia, "that plant of deep root," planted there by General Grant. Two cedars of Lebanon, whose ancestors furnished timbers for King Solomon's temple, were planted and thrive there, placed by Senators Hoar and Evarts.

Standing in triangular position are the "trees of the tragedians." Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, and John Wilkes Booth. Each selected the bald, or water cypress for his planting. Over in the eastern part of the garden is the famous hornbeam. It covers one-tenth of an acre of ground. It was planted by Abraham Lincoln.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That letters of administration have been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Elizabeth Cunningham, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them, for the purpose of payment, to Hamlin Bank and Trust Co., Administrator, Hamlin Bank and Trust Co. Building, Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank and Trust Co.,
By R. E. Burdick, Treas.,
Administrator.

Dec. 26, 1919.

Gallup & Potter,
Attys. for Administrator.

LEONARD WOOD, ADMINISTRATOR

WOOD HAS VARIED CIVIL EXPERIENCE

ADMINISTRATIVE QUALITIES ARE TESTED AND PROVED IN HANDLING GREAT BUSINESS PROBLEMS.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

From time to time people ask, "What has been the administrative and business experience of Leonard Wood? What has been his experience with men outside of the army? What does he know about conditions in the different parts of the United States and in our overseas possessions? Has he any thorough knowledge of foreign affairs and of our foreign relations?"

The administrative qualities of Leonard Wood have been tested and proved. No American living has been tried more thoroughly than he in complex fields of constructive civil work, administrative work of the highest order which carried with it the necessity for the exercise of keen business acumen.

The republic of Cuba, built upon firm democratic foundations, is a monument to the administrative ability of Leonard Wood. In the Philippines is to be found another monument to his statesmanship.

Leonard Wood graduated in medicine from Harvard University in 1884 and served for more than a year in one of the great hospitals, later to take charge of the charity departments in a section of the city of Boston where the poor lived.

Not long after the completion of Wood's work in Boston he became an assistant surgeon in the army, coming into contact with the western plainsman, the miner, the people generally, and giving much of his time to the work of assisting the Indians and to a study of the problems of irrigation and reclamation.

Then for Leonard Wood there came four years in California. He covered the state many times in pursuance of his duties and extended his field as occasion required into the states of the Northwest. Then for two years he was in service in the South, having headquarters in Georgia.

From the South Leonard Wood went to the city of Washington, where his work brought him into daily contact with Grover Cleveland. Then he had the same intimate relations with William McKinley and the men of his time.

Then came the Spanish war and the active campaign in Cuba as the colonel of the regiment of rough riders of which Theodore Roosevelt was the lieutenant colonel.

At the close of the Spanish war Leonard Wood's supreme administrative duties began. He was made the governor of the city of Santiago and a few weeks later of the entire eastern half of Cuba.

Under Wood profiteering was abolished, industry was built up, agriculture rehabilitated, hospitals organized, equipped and maintained, tens of thousands of people clothed and fed—and all this done in a thorough businesslike manner. It was done under tribulations which arose from the fact that the people were impoverished to the point of starvation and had been dying by thousands for the lack of the things which Wood quickly provided.

Then there came the rehabilitation of the municipalities, the establishment of schools, the opening of roads, the organizing of government in the provinces, the readjustment of taxation and of the courts, and the work of providing for the thousands of children made orphans by war or famine. There was more and more varieties of it than it has been the lot of many men ever to have placed upon their shoulders.

Not long after this there came the greater opportunities in Havana. It was necessary to re-write the election laws to make them fit the habits of the people. Production had to be stimulated, for agriculture was the main source of the island's wealth. Here again the same measures were followed and as a result there were established law and order, protection of life and property, and liberty within the law.

These were the foundation stones. Wood knew that the government must be run by the Cubans, and so 90 per cent of the officials engaged in the great work of reconstruction were selected from the people of the island. The Cubans were taught government while the government was being built and thus they were able to run it when the rule of the island was turned over to its inhabitants.

When it became necessary to reorganize the Cuban railroads Wood secured the services of Sir William Van Horne, president of the Canadian Pacific, and of Granville M. Dodge, builder of the Union Pacific.

The same general policy was followed in dealing with the problem of caring for the tens of thousands of orphans that had been left by the war. Homer Folks, commissioner of charities of the state of New York, was called to Cuba by Wood to aid in the establishment of a system for placing and permanently caring for these little gesolates. Chief Justice White of the Supreme court of the United States, at that time an associate justice, was consulted as to the method to be pursued in reorganizing the courts.

Leonard Wood was in Cuba about four years. He left there a reorganized and sound banking system, a good railroad system, no debts, nearly $2,000,000 unincumbered money in the treasury, a sugar crop of nearly 1,000,000 tons, sound municipal laws, fine public works, a firm agricultural foundation and an absolute respect among the people for life and property. The school system which Wood established was founded on the laws of Massachusetts and Ohio. Roads were built which made communication speedy. The hospitals erected under his supervision were of the highest type.

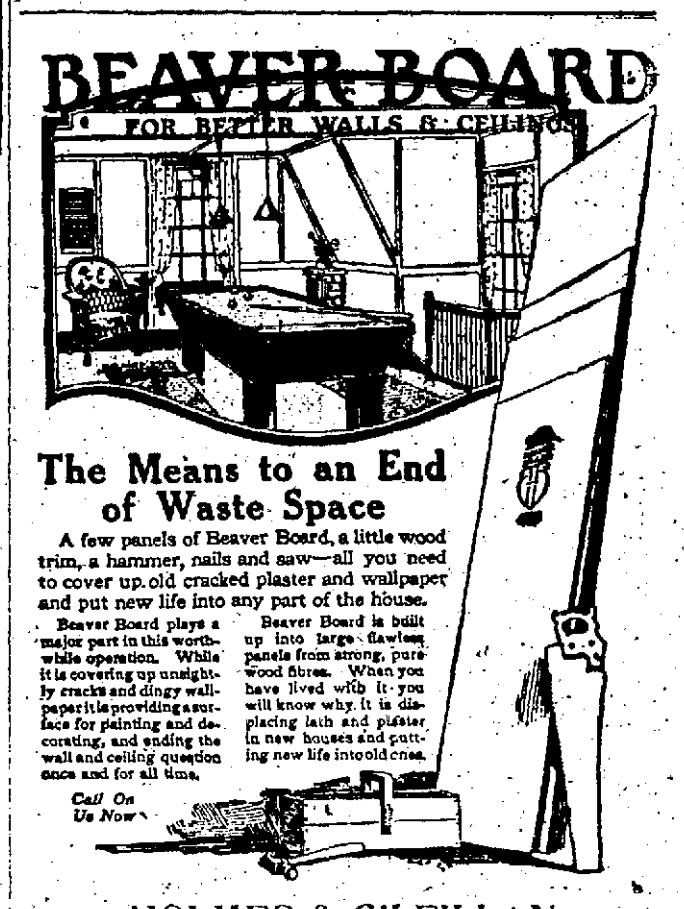
Lord Cromer said he wished this American officer was available to follow him in his reconstruction work in Egypt. Elihu Root said this work never was paralleled in colonial possessions anywhere. Theodore Roosevelt said that Leonard Wood "has rendered services to Cuba of a kind which, if performed three thousand years ago, would have made him a hero mixed up with the sun god in various ways."

After the Cuban experience Wood was for five years in the Philippines confronted with the difficult labor of establishing a civil government, this time among a Mohammedan people. There he did the same successful work he did in Cuba.

This period of residence in the Philippines gave Wood an opportunity to study conditions in the British colonies, Borneo, Singapore, and to keep in close touch with conditions in Japan and along the China coast. Wood traveled through India, spent some time with the Dutch in Java, and with Lord Cromer in Egypt. He gained and retained knowledge of all which at that time came under his studious observation.

Then Leonard Wood became chief of the general staff of the United States army, in whose hands rests very largely the direction and administration of the military establishment, which after all is 90 per cent a business matter.

The administrative career of Leonard Wood is spread upon the records of his country. The work which he has done is lasting. It is a statesman's work.



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